

A backward glance at eighty, recollections & comments, by Charles A. Murdock; Massachusetts 1841, Humboldt Bay 1855, San Francisco 1864

A CAMERA GLANCE AT EIGHTY

A BACKWARD GLANCE

AT EIGHTY

RECOLLECTIONS & COMMENT

BY

CHARLES A. MURDOCK

MASSACHUSETTS 1841

HUMBOLDT BAY 1855

SAN FRANCISCO 1864

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GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE FRIENDS WHO

INSPIRED IT

MEMORIAL EDITION

No.— Chas A Murdock

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE I. NEW ENGLAND 1 II. A HIDDEN HARBOR 21 III. NINE YEARS NORTH
43 IV. THE REAL BRET HARTE 69 V. SAN FRANCISCO—THE SIXTIES 99 VI. LATER SAN
FRANCISCO 131 VII. INCIDENTS IN PUBLIC SERVICE 157 VIII. AN INVESTMENT 183 IX.
BY-PRODUCT 199 X. CONCERNING PERSONS 217 XI. OUTINGS 247 XII. OCCASIONAL
VERSE 269 EPILOGUE 275

ILLUSTRATIONS

A CAMERA GLANCE AT EIGHTY Frontispiece PAGE HUMBOLDT BAY, WINSHIP MAP
40 FRANCIS BRET HARTE (Saroney, 1874) 80 THE CLAY-STREET OFFICE THE DAY
AFTER 152 THOMAS STARR KING (Original given Bret Harte) 184 HORATIO STEBBINS,
SAN FRANCISCO, 1864-1900 192 HORACE DAVIS, HARVARD IN 1836 224 OUTINGS: THE
SIERRAS, HAWAII 264

FOREWORD

IN the autumn of 1920 the Board of Directors of the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches took note of the approaching eightieth birthday of Mr. Charles A. Murdock, of San Francisco. Recalling Mr. Murdock's active service of all good causes, and more particularly his devotion to the cause of liberal religion through a period of more than half a century, the board decided to recognize the anniversary, which fell on January 26, 1921, by securing the publication of a volume of Mr. Murdock's essays. A committee was appointed to carry out the project, composed of Rev. H. E. B. Speight (chairman), Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, and Rev. Earl M. Wilbur.

The committee found a very ready response to its announcement of a subscription edition, and Mr. Murdock gave much time and thought to the preparation of material for the volume. "A Backward Glance at Eighty" is now issued with the knowledge that its appearance is eagerly awaited by all Mr. Murdock's friends and by a large number of others who welcome new light upon the life of an earlier generation of pioneers.

The publication of the book is an affectionate tribute to a good citizen, a staunch friend, a humble Christian gentleman, and a fearless servant of Truth—Charles A. Murdock.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

GENESIS

IN the beginning, the publication of this book is not the deliberate act of the octogenarian. Separate causes seem to have co-operated independently to produce the result. Several years ago, in a modest literary club, the late Henry Morse Stephens, in his passion for historical material, urged me from time to time to devote my essays to early experiences in the north of the state and in San Francisco. These papers were familiar to my friends, and as my eightieth birthday approached they asked that I add to them introductory and connecting chapters and publish a memorial volume. To satisfy me that it would find acceptance they secured advance orders to cover the expense.

Under these conditions I could not but accede to their request. I would subordinate an unimportant personal life. My purpose is to recall conditions and experiences that may prove of historical interest and to express some of the conclusions and convictions formed in an active and happy life.

I wish to express my gratitude to the members of the committee and to my friend, George Prescott Vance, for suggestions and assistance in preparation and publication. C. A. M.

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY CHAPTER I NEW ENGLAND

MY very early memories alternate between my grandfather's farm in Leominster, Massachusetts, and the Pemberton House in Boston. My father and mother, both born in Leominster, were schoolmates, and in due time they married. Father was at first a clerk in the country store, but at an early age became the tavern-keeper. I was born on January 26, 1841. Soon thereafter father took charge of the Pemberton House on Howard Street, which developed into Whig headquarters. Being the oldest grandson, I was welcome at the old homestead, and I was so well off under the united care of my aunts that I spent a fair part of my life in the country.

My father was a descendant of Robert Murdock (of Roxbury), who left Scotland in 1688, and whose descendants settled in Newton. My father's branch removed to Winchendon, home of tubs and pails. My grandfather (Abel) moved to Leominster and later settled in 2 Worcester, where he died when I was a small boy. My father's mother was a Moore, also of Scotch ancestry. She died young, and on my father's side there was no family home to visit.

My mother's father was Deacon Charles Hills, descended from Joseph Hills, who came from England in 1634.

Nearly every New England town was devoted to some special industry, and Leominster was given to the manufacture of horn combs. The industry was established by a Hills ancestor, and when I was born four Hills brothers were co-operative comb-makers, carrying on the business in connection

with small farming. The proprietors were the employees. If others were required, they could be readily secured at the going wages of one dollar a day.

My grandfather was the oldest of the brothers. When he married Betsy Buss his father set aside for him twenty acres of the home farm, and here he built the house in which he lived for forty years, raising a family of ten children.

I remember quite clearly my great-grandfather Silas Hills. He was old and querulous, and could certainly scold; but now that I know that he was born in 1760, and had nineteen brothers and sisters, I think of him with compassion and wonder. It connects me with the distant past to think I remember a man who was sixteen years old when the 3 Declaration of Independence was signed. He died at ninety-five, which induces apprehension.

My grandfather's house faced the country road that ran north over the rolling hills among the stone-walled farms, and was about a mile from the common that marked the center of the town. It was white, of course, with green blinds. The garden in front was fragrant from Castilian roses, Sweet Williams, and pinks. There were lilacs and a barberry-bush. A spacious hall bisected the house. The south front room was sacred to funerals and weddings; we seldom entered it. Back of that was grandma's room. Stairs in the hall led to two sleeping-rooms above. The north front room was "the parlor," but seldom used. There on the center-table reposed Baxter's "Saints' Rest" and Young's "Night Thoughts." The fireplace flue so seldom held a fire that the swallows utilized the chimney for their nests. Back of this was the diningroom, in which we lived. It had a large brick oven and a serviceable fireplace. The kitchen was an ell, from which stretched woodshed, carriage-house, pigpen, smoking-house, etc. Currant and quince bushes, rhubarb, mulberry, maple, and butternut trees were scattered about. An apple orchard helped to increase the frugal income.

We raised corn and pumpkins, and hay for the horse and cows. The corn was gathered into the barn across the road, and a 4 huskingbee gave occasion for mild merrymaking. As necessity arose the dried ears were shelled and the kernels taken to the mill, where an honest portion was taken for grist. The cornmeal bin was the source of supply for all demands for breakfast cereal. Hasty-

pudding never palled. Small incomes sufficed. Our own bacon, pork, spare-rib, and souse, our own butter, eggs, and vegetables, with occasional poultry, made us little dependent on others. One of the great-uncles was a sportsman, and snared rabbits and pickerel, thus extending our bill of fare. Bread and pies came from the weekly baking, to say nothing of beans and codfish. Berries from the pasture and nuts from the woods were plentiful. For lights we were dependent on tallow candles or whale-oil, and soap was mostly home-made.

Life was simple but happy. The small boy had small duties. He must pick up chips, feed the hens, hunt eggs, sprout potatoes, and weed the garden. But he had fun the year round, varying with the seasons, but culminating with the winter, when severity was unheeded in the joy of coasting, skating, and sleighing in the daytime, and apples, chestnuts, and pop-corn in the long evenings.

I never tired of watching my grandfather and his brothers as they worked in their shops. The combs were not the simple instruments we now use to separate and arrange the hair, but ornamental structures that women wore 5 at the back of the head to control their supposedly surplus locks. They were associated with Spanish beauties, and at their best estate were made of shell, but our combs were of horn and of great variety. In the better quality, shell was closely imitated, but some were frankly horn and ornamented by the application of aquafortis in patterns artistic or grotesque according to the taste and ability of the operator. The horns were sawed, split, boiled in oil, pressed flat, and then died out ready to be fashioned into the shape required for the special product. This was done in a separate little shop by Uncle Silas and Uncle Alvah. Uncle Emerson then rubbed and polished them in the literally one-horsepower factory, and grandfather bent and packed them for the market. The power was supplied by a patient horse, "Log Cabin" by name, denoting the date of his acquisition in the Harrison campaign. All day the faithful nag trod a horizontal wheel in the cellar, which gave way to his efforts and generated the power that was transmitted by belt to the simple machinery above.

Uncle Emerson generally sung psalm-tunes as he worked. Deacon Hills, as he was always called, was finisher, packer, and business manager. I was interested to notice that in doing up the dozen combs in a package he always happened to select the best one to tie on the outside as a sample.

That was his nearest approach to dishonesty. He was a thoroughly good man, but burdened and grave. I do not know that I ever heard him laugh, and he seldom, if ever, smiled. He worked hard, was faithful to every duty, and no doubt loved his family; but soberness was inbred. He read the *Cultivator*, the *Christian Register*, and the almanac. After the manner of his time, he was kind and helpful; but life was hard and joyless. He was greatly respected and was honored by a period of service as representative in the General Court.

My grandmother was a gentle, patient soul, living for her family, wholly unselfish and incapable of complaint. She was placid and cheerful, courageous and trusting. I had four fine aunts, two of whom were then unmarried and devoted to the small boy. One was a veritable ray of sunshine; the other, gifted of mind and nearest my age, was most companionable. Only one son lived to manhood. He had gone from the home, but faithfully each year returned from the city to observe Thanksgiving, the great day of New England.

Holidays were somewhat infrequent. Fourth of July and muster, of course, were not forgotten, and while Christmas was almost unnoticed Thanksgiving we never failed to mark with all its social and religious significance. Almost everybody went to meeting, and the sermon, commonly reviewing the year, was regarded as an event. The home-coming of the absent family members and the reunion at a bountiful dinner became the universal custom. There were no distractions in the way of professional football or other games. The service, the family, and plenty of good things to eat engrossed the day. It was a time of rejoicing—and unlimited pie.

Sunday was strictly observed. Grandfather always blacked his boots before sundown of Saturday night, and on Sunday anything but going to meeting was regarded with suspicion, especially if it was associated with any form of enjoyment. In summer “Log Cabin” was hitched into the shafts of the chaise, and with gait slightly accelerated beyond the daily habit jogged to town and was deposited in the church shed during the service. At noon we rejoined him and ate our ginger-bread and cheese while he disposed of his luncheon of oats. Then we went back to Sunday-school, and he rested or fought flies. In winter he was decked with bells and hitched in the sleigh. Plenty of robes and a foot-stove, or at least a slab of heated soapstone, provided for grandmother's comfort.

The church when it was formed was named “The First Congregational.” When it became Unitarian, the word, in parentheses, was added. The Second Congregational was always called “The Orthodox.” The church building was a fine example of early architecture. The steeple was high, the walls were white, the pews were square. On a tablet at the right of the pulpit 8 the Ten Commandments were inscribed, and at the left the Beatitudes were found.

The first minister I remember was saintly Hiram Withington, who won my loyalty by his interest manifested by standing me up by the door-jamb and marking my growth from call to call. I remember Rufus P. Stebbins, the former minister, who married my father and mother and refused a fee because my father had always cut his hair in the barberless days of old. Amos A. Smith was later in succession. I loved him for his goodness. Sunday-school was always a matter of course, and was never dreaded.

I early enjoyed the Rollo books and later reveled in Mayne Reid. The haymow in the barn and a blessed knothole are associated with many happy hours.

Reading has dangers. I think one of the first books I ever read was a bound volume of *Merry's Museum*. There was a continued story recounting the adventures of one Dick Boldhero. It was illustrated with horrible woodcuts. One of them showed Dick bearing on a spirited charger the clasped form of the heroine, whom he had abducted. It impressed me deeply. I recognized no distinction of sex or attractiveness and lived in terror of suffering abduction. When I saw a stranger coming I would run into the shop and clasp my arms around somepost until I felt the danger past. This must have been very early in my career. 9 Indeed one of my aunts must have done the reading, leaving me to draw distress from the thrilling illustrations.

A very early trial was connected with a visit to a school. I was getting proud of my ability to spell small words. A primer-maker had attempted to help the association of letters with objects by placing them in juxtaposition, but through a mistake he led me to my undoing. I knew my letters and I knew some things. I plainly distinguished the letters P-A-N. Against them I was puzzled by a picture of a spoon, and with credulity, perhaps characteristic, I blurted out “P-a-n—spoon,” whereat

to my great discomfiture everybody laughed. I have never liked being laughed at from that day to this.

I am glad that I left New England early, but I am thankful that it was not before I realized the loveliness of the arbutus as it braved the snow and smiled at the returning sun, nor that I made forts or played morris in the snow at school.

I have passed on from my first impressions in the country perhaps unwarrantedly. It is hard to differentiate consistently. I may have mixed early memories with more mature realization. I did not live with my grandmother continuously. I went back and forth as convenience and other's desires prompted. I do not know what impressions of life in the Pemberton House came first. Very early I remember helping my busy little mother, who in the spring of the year uncorded all the bedsteads and made life miserable for the festive bedbugs by an application of whale oil from a capable feather applied to the inside of all holes through which the ropes ran. The re-cording of the beds was a tedious process requiring two persons, and I soon grew big enough to count as one. I remember also the little triangular tin candlesticks that we inserted at the base of each of the very small panes of the window when we illuminated the hotel on special nights. I distinctly recall the quivering of the full glasses of jelly on tapering disks that formed attractive table ornaments.

Daniel Webster was often the central figure at banquets in the Pemberton. General Sam Houston, Senator from Texas, was also entertained, for I remember that my father told me of an incident that occurred many years after, when he passed through San Antonio. As he strolled through the city he saw the Senator across the street, but, supposing that he would not be remembered, had no thought of speaking, whereupon Houston called out, "Young man, are you not going to speak to me?" My father replied that he had not supposed that he would be remembered. "Of course I remember meeting you at the Pemberton House in Boston."

I remember some of the boarders, regular and transient, distinguished and otherwise. 11 There was a young grocery clerk who used to hold me in his lap and talk to me. He became one of the best of California's governors, Frederick F. Low, and was a close friend of Thomas Starr King. A wit on

a San Francisco paper once published at Thanksgiving time “A Thanksgiving proclamation by our stuttering reporter—‘Praise God from whom all blessings f-f-low.’” In my memory he is associated with Haymaker Square.

I well remember the famous circus clown of the period, Joe Pentland, very serious and proper when not professionally funny. A minstrel who made a great hit with “Jim Crow” once gave me a valuable lesson on table manners. One Barrett, state treasurer, was a boarder. He had a standing order: “Roast beef, rare and fat; gravy from the dish.” Madame Biscaccianti, of the Italian opera, graced our table. So did the original Drew family.

The hotel adjoined the Howard Athenæum, and I profited from peeping privileges to the extent of many pins. I recall some wonderful trained animals—Van Amberg's, I think. A lion descended from back-stage and crawled with stealth upon a sleeping traveler in the foreground. It was thrilling but harmless. There were also some Viennese dancers, who introduced, I believe, the Cracovienne. I remember a “Sissy Madigan,” who seemed a wonder of beauty and charm.

12

There was great excitement when the Athenæum caught on fire. I can see the trunks being dragged down the stairs to the damage of the banisters, and great confusion and dismay among our boarders. A small boy was hurried in his nightie across the street and kept till all danger had passed. A very early memory is the marching through the streets of soldiers bound for the Mexican War.

Off and on, I lived in Boston till 1849, when my father left for California and the family returned to Leominster.

My first school in Boston was in the basement of Park Street Church. Hermann Clarke, son of our minister, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, was a fellow pupil. Afterward I went to the Mayhew Grammar School, connected in my mind with a mild chastisement for imitating a trombone when a procession passed by. The only other punishment I recall was a spanking by my father for playing “hookey” and roaming in the public garden. I remember Sunday-school parades through certain public streets. But the great event was the joining of all the day schools in the great parade when

Cochituate water was introduced into the city. It was a proud moment when the fountain in the frogpond on the Common threw on high the water prodigiously brought from far Cochituate.

Another Boston memory is the Boston Theater, where William Warren reigned. 13 Cinderella and her pumpkin carriage are fresh in my mind. I also recall a waxwork representation of the Birth in the Manger. I still can see the heads of the cattle, the spreading horns, and the blessed Babe.

As I recall my early boyhood, many changes in customs seem suggested. There may be trundle-beds in these days, but I never see them. No fathers wear boots in this era, and bootjacks are as extinct as the dodo. I have kept a few letters written by my mother when I was away from her. They were written on a flat sheet, afterward folded and fastened by a wafer. Envelopes had not arrived; neither had postage-stamps. Sealing-wax was then in vogue and red tape for important documents. In all well-regulated dwellings there were whatnots in the corner with shells and wax-works and other objects of beauty or mild interest. The pictures did not move—they were fixed in the family album. The musical instruments most in evidence were jew's-harps and harmonicas. The Rollo books were well calculated to make a boy sleepy. The Franconia books were more attractive, and “The Green Mountain Boy” was thrilling. A small boy's wildest dissipation was rolling a hoop.

And now California casts her shadow. My father was an early victim. I remember his parting admonition, as he was a man of few words and seldom offered advice. “Be 14 careful,” he said, “of wronging others. Do not repeat anything you hear that reflects on another. It is a pretty good rule, when you cannot speak well of another, to say nothing at all.” He must have said more, but that is all that I recall.

Father felt that in two years he would return with enough money to provide for our needs. In the meantime we could live at less expense and in greater safety in the country. We returned to the town we all loved, and the two years stretched to six. We three children went to school, my mother keeping house. In 1851 my grandfather died, and in 1853 my grandmother joined him.

During these Leominster days we greatly enjoyed a visit from my father's sister, Charlotte, with her husband, John Downes, an astronomer connected with Harvard University. They were charming

people, bringing a new atmosphere from their Cambridge home. Uncle John tried to convince me that by dividing the heavens I might count the visible stars, but he did not succeed. He wrote me a fine, friendly letter on his returning home, in 1852, using a sheet of blue paper giving on the third page a view of the college buildings and a procession of the alumni as they left the church Sept. 6, 1836. In the letter he pronounced it a very good view. It is presented elsewhere, in connection with the picture of a friend who entered the university a few years later.

15

School life was pleasant and I suppose fairly profitable. Until I entered high school I attended the ungraded district school. It was on the edge of a wood, and a source of recess pleasure was making umbrageous homes of pine boughs. On the last day of school the school committee, the leading minister, the ablest lawyer, and the best-loved doctor were present to review and address us. We took much pride in the decoration. Wreaths of plaited leaves were twisted around the stove-pipe; the top of the stove was banked with pond-lilies gathered from a pond in our woods. Medals were primitive. For a week I wore a pierced ninepence in evidence of my proficiency in mental arithmetic; then it passed to stronger hands.

According to present standards we indulged in precious little amusement. Entertainments were few. Once in a while a circus came to town, and there were organizations of musical attractions like The Hutchinson Family and The Swiss Bell Ringers. Ossian E. Dodge was a name with which to conjure, and a panorama was sometimes unrolled alternating with dissolving views. Seen in retrospect, they all seem tame and unalluring. The Lyceum was the feature of strongest interest to the grown-ups. Lectures gave them a chance to see men of note like Wendell Phillips, Emerson, or William Lloyd Garrison. Even boys could enjoy poets of the size of John G. Saxe.

16

Well do I remember the distrust felt for abolitionists. I had an uncle who entertained Fred Douglass and was ready at any time to help a fugitive slave to Canada. He was considered dangerous. He was a shoemaker, and I remember how he would drop his work when no one was by and get up to pace the floor and rehearse a speech he probably never would make.

Occasionally our singing-school would give a concert, and once in a farmers' chorus I was costumed in a smock cut down from one of grandfather's. I carried a sickle and joined in "Through lanes with hedgerows, pearly." I kept up in the singing but let my attention wander as the farmers made their exit and did not notice that I was left till the other boys were almost off the stage. I then skipped after them, swinging my scythe in chagrin.

In the high school we gave an exhibition in which we enacted some Scotch scene. I think it had to do with Roderick Dhu. We were to be costumed, and I was bothered about kilts and things. Mr. Phillips, the principal, suggested that the stage be set with small evergreen trees. The picture of them in my mind's eye brought relief, and I impulsively exclaimed, "That will be good, because we will not have to wear pants," meaning, of course, the kilts. He had a sense of humor and was a tease. He pretended to take me literally, and raised a laugh as he said, "Why, Murdock!"

17

One bitterly cold night we went to Fitchburg, five miles away, to describe the various pictures given at a magic-lantern exhibition. My share was a few lines on a poor view of Scarborough Castle. At this distance it seems like a poor investment of energy.

I wonder if modern education has not made some progress in a generation. Here was a boy of fourteen who had never studied history or physics or physiology and was assigned nothing but Latin, algebra and grammar. I left at fourteen and a half to come to California, knowing little but what I had picked up accidentally.

A diary of my voyage, dating from June 4, 1855, vividly illustrates the character of the English inculcated by the school of the period. It refers to the "crowd assembled to witness our departure." It recounts all we saw, beginning with Washacum Pond, which we passed on our way to Worcester: "of considerable magnitude,...and the small islands which dot its surface render it very beautiful." The buildings of New York impressed the little prig greatly. Trinity Church he pronounces "one of the most splendid edifices which I ever saw," and he waxes into "Opalian" eloquence over Barnum's American Museum, which was "illuminated from basement to attic."

We sailed on the “George Law,” arriving at Aspinwall, the eastern terminal of the Panama 18 Railroad, in ten days. Crossing the isthmus, with its wonders of tropical foliage and varied monkeys, gave a glimpse of a new world. We left Panama June 16th and arrived at San Francisco on the morning of the 30th.

Let the diary tell the tale of the beginning of life in California: “I arose about 4 1/2 this morning and went on deck. We were then in the Golden Gate, which is the entrance into San Francisco Bay. On each side of us was high land. On the left-hand side was a light-house, and the light was still burning. On my right hand was the outer telegraph building. When they see us they telegraph to another place, from which they telegraph all over San Francisco. When we were going in there was a strong ebb tide. We arrived at the wharf a little after five o'clock. The first thing which I did was to look for my father. Him I did not see.”

Father had been detained in Humboldt by the burning of the connecting steamer, so we went to Wilson's Exchange in Sansome near Sacramento Street, and in the afternoon took the “Senator” for Sacramento, where my uncle and aunt lived.

The part of a day in San Francisco was used to the full in prospecting the strange city. We walked its streets and climbed its hills, much interested in all we saw. The line of people waiting for their mail up at Portsmouth Square was perhaps the most novel sight. A race up the bay, waiting for the tide at Benicia, sticking on the “Hog's Back” in the night, and the surprise of a flat, checker-board city were the most impressive experiences of the trip to Sacramento.

A month or so on this compulsory visit passed very pleasantly. We found fresh delight in watching the Chinese and their habits. We had never seen a specimen before. A very pleasant picnic and celebration on the Fourth of July was another attractive novelty. Cheap John auctions and frequent fires afforded amusement and excitement, and we learned to drink muddy water without protest.

On the 15th the diary records: “Last night about 12 o'clock I woke, and who should I behold, standing by me, but my father! Is it possible that after a separation of nearly six years I have at

last met my father? It is even so. This form above me is, indeed, my father's." The day's entry concludes: "I have really enjoyed myself today. I like the idea of a father very well."

We were compelled to await an upcoast steamer till August, when that adventurous craft, the steamer "McKim," now newly named the "Humboldt," resumed sea-voyages. The Pacific does not uniformly justify the name, but this time it completely succeeded. The ocean was as smooth as the dearest mill-pond—not a breath of wind or a ripple of the placid surface. Treacherous Humboldt Bar, 20 sometimes a mountain of danger, did not even disclose its location. The tar from the ancient seams of the Humboldt's decks responded to the glowing sun until pacing the deck was impossible, but sea-sickness was no less so. We lazily steamed into the beautiful harbor, up past Eureka, her streets still occupied by stumps, and on to the ambitious pier stretching nearly two miles from Uniontown to deep water.

And now that the surroundings may be better understood, let me digress from the story of my boyhood and touch on the early romance of Humboldt Bay—its discovery and settlement.

21

CHAPTER II

A HIDDEN HARBOR

THE northwesterly corner of California is a region apart. In its physical characteristics and in its history it has little in common with the rest of the state. With no glamour of Spanish occupancy, its romance is of quite another type. At the time of the discovery of gold in California the northwestern portion of the state was almost unknown territory. For seven hundred miles, from Fort Ross to the mouth of the Columbia, there stretched a practically uncharted coast. A few headlands were designated on the imperfect map and a few streams were poorly sketched in, but the great domain had simply been approached from the sea and its characteristics were mostly a matter of conjecture. So far as is known, not a white man lived in all California west of the Coast Range and north of Fort Ross.

Here is, generally speaking, a mountainous region heavily timbered along the coast, diversified with river valleys and rolling hills. A marked peculiarity is its sharp slope toward the northwest for its entire length. East of the Coast Range the Sacramento River flows due south, while to the west of the broken mountains all the streams flow northwesterly—more northerly than westerly. Eel River flows about 130 miles northerly and, say, forty miles westerly. The same course is taken by the Mattole, the Mad, and the Trinity rivers. The watershed of this corner to the northwest is extensive, including a good part of what are now Mendocino, Trinity, Siskiyou, Humboldt, and Del Norte counties. The drainage of the westerly slope of the mountain ranges north and west of Shasta reaches the Pacific with difficulty. The Klamath River flows southwest for 120 miles until it flanks the Siskiyous. It there meets the Trinity, which flows northwest. The combined rivers take the direction of the Trinity, but the name of the Klamath prevails. It enters the ocean about thirty miles south of the Oregon line. The whole region is extremely mountainous. The course of the river is tortuous, winding among the mountains.

The water-flow shows the general trend of the ranges; but most of the rivers have numerous forks, indicating transverse ridges. From an aeroplane the mountains of northern California would suggest an immense drove of sleeping razor-backed hogs nestling against one another to keep warm, most of their snouts pointed northwest.

Less than one-fourth of the land is tillable, and not more than a quarter of that is level. ²³ Yet it is a beautiful, interesting and valuable country, largely diversified, with valuable forests, fine mountain ranges, gently rolling hills, rich river bottoms, and, on the upper Trinity, gold-bearing bars.

Mendocino (in Humboldt County) was given its significant name about 1543. When Heceta and Bodega in 1775 were searching the coast for harbors, they anchored under the lee of the next northerly headland. After the pious manner of the time, having left San Blas on Trinity Sunday, they named their haven Trinidad. Their arrival was six days before the battle of Bunker Hill.

It is about forty-five miles from Cape Mendocino to Trinidad. The bold, mountainous hills, though they often reach the ocean, are somewhat depressed between these points. Halfway between them

lies Humboldt Bay, a capacious harbor with a tidal area of Twenty-eight miles. It is the best and almost the only harbor from San Francisco to Puget Sound. It is fourteen miles long, in shape like an elongated human ear. It eluded discovery with even greater success than San Francisco Bay, and the story of its final settlement is striking and romantic.

Neither Cabrillo nor Heceta nor Drake makes mention of it. In 1792 Vancouver followed the coast searchingly, but when he anchored in what he called the “nook” of Trinidad he was entirely ignorant of a near-by harbor. We must bear in mind that Spain had but the slightest acquaintance with the empire she claimed. The occasional visits of navigators did not extend her knowledge of the great domain. It is nevertheless surprising that in the long course of the passage of the galleons to and from the Philippines the bays of San Francisco and Humboldt should not have been found even by accident.

The nearest settlement was the Russian colony near Bodega, one hundred and seventy-five miles to the south. In 1811 Kuskoff found a river entering the ocean near the point. He called it Slavianski, but General Vallejo rescued us from that when he referred to it as Russian River. The land was bought from the Indians for a trifle. Madrid was applied to for a title, but the Spaniards declined to give it. The Russians held possession, however, and proceeded with cultivation. To better protect their claims, nineteen miles up the coast, they erected a stockade mounting twenty guns. They called the fort Kosstromitinoff, but the Spaniards referred to it as *el fuerte de los Rusos*, which was anglicized as Fort Russ, and, finally, as Fort Ross. The colony prospered for a while, but sealing “pinched out” and the territory occupied was too small to satisfy agricultural needs. In 1841 the Russians sold the whole possession to General Sutter for thirty thousand dollars and withdrew from California, returning to Alaska.

25

In 1827 a party of adventurers started north from Fort Ross for Oregon, following the coast. One Jedidiah Smith, a trapper, was the leader. It is said that Smith River, near the Oregon line, was named for him. Somewhere on the way all but four were reported killed by the Indians. They are supposed to have been the first white men to enter the Humboldt country.

Among the very early settlers in California was Pearson B. Redding, who lived on a ranch near Mount Shasta. In 1845, on a trapping expedition, he struck west through a divide in the Coast Range and discovered a good-sized, rapid river flowing to the west. From its direction and the habit of rivers to seek the sea, he concluded that it was likely to reach the Pacific at about the latitude of Trinidad, named seventy years before. He thereupon gave it the name of Trinity, and in due time left it running and returned to his home.

Three years passed, and gold was discovered by Marshall. Redding was interested and curious and visited the scene of Marshall's find. The American River and its bars reminded him of the Trinity, and when he returned to his home he organized a party to prospect it. Gold was found in moderate quantities, especially on the upper portions. The Trinity mines extended confidence and added to the excitement. Camps sprang up on every bar. The town of Weaverville took the lead, and still holds it. Quite a population followed and the matter of provisioning it became serious. The base of supplies was Sacramento, two hundred miles distant and over a range of mountains. To the coast it could not be more than seventy miles. If the Trinity entered a bay or was navigable, it would be a great saving and of tremendous advantage. The probability or possibility was alluring and was increasingly discussed.

In October, 1849, there were at Rich Bar forty miners short of provisions and ready for any adventure. The Indians reported that eight days to the west was a large bay with fertile land and tall trees. A vision of a second San Francisco, a port for all northern California, urged them to try for it. Twenty-four men agreed to join the party, and the fifth of November was set for the start. Dr. Josiah Gregg was chosen leader and two Indians were engaged as guides. When the day arrived the rain was pouring and sixteen of the men and the two guides backed out, but the remaining eight were courageous (or fool-hardy) and not to be thwarted. With a number of pack animals and eight days' supplies they started up the slippery mountainside. At the summit they encountered a snowstorm and camped for the night. In the morning they faced a western view that would have discouraged most men—a mass of mountains, rough-carved and snow-capped, with main ridges parallel on a northwesterly line. In every direction to the most distant horizon stretched these forbidding

mountains. The distance to the ocean was uncertain, and their course to it meant surmounting ridge after ridge of the intervening mountains. They plunged down and on, crossed a swollen stream, and crawled up the eastern side of the next ridge. For six days this performance was repeated. Then they reached a large stream with an almost unsurmountable mountain to the west. They followed down the stream until they found it joined another of about equal size. They had discovered the far-flowing south fork of the Trinity. They managed to swim the united river and found a large Indian village, apparently giving the inhabitants their first view of white men. The natives all fled in fright, leaving their camps to the strange beings. The invaders helped themselves to the smoked salmon that was plentiful, leaving flour in exchange. At dusk about eighty of the fighting sex returned with renewed courage, and threateningly. It took diplomacy to postpone an attack till morning, when powder would be dry. They relied upon a display of magic power from their firearms that would impress superior numbers with the senselessness of hostilities. They did not sleep in great security, and early in the morning proceeded with the demonstration, upon which much depended.

28

When they set up a target and at sixty yards pierced a scrap of paper and the tree to which it was pinned the effect was satisfactory. The Indians were astonished at the feat, but equally impressed by the unaccountable noise from the explosion. They became very friendly, warned the wonder-workers of the danger to be encountered if they headed north, where Indians were many and fierce, and told them to keep due west.

The perilous journey was continued by the ascent of another mountainside. Provisions soon became very scarce, nothing but flour remaining, and little of that. On the 18th they went dinnerless to their cold blankets. Their animals had been without food for two days, but the next morning they found grass. A redwood forest was soon encountered, and new difficulties developed. The underbrush was dense and no trails were found. Fallen trees made progress very slow. Two miles a day was all they could accomplish. They painfully worked through the section of the marvelous redwood belt destined to astonish the world, reaching a small prairie, where they camped. The following day they devoted to hunting, luckily killing a number of deer. Here they remained several days, drying the venison in the meantime; but when, their strength recuperated, they resumed their journey, the meat

was soon exhausted. Three days of fasting for man and beast followed. Two of 29 the horses were left to their fate. Then another prairie yielded more venison and the meat of three bears. For three weeks they struggled on; life was sustained at times by bitter acorns alone.

At length the welcome sound of surf was heard, but three days passed before they reached the ocean. Three of the animals had died of starvation in the last stretch of the forest. The men had not eaten for two days, and devoted the first day on the beach to securing food. One shot a bald eagle; another found a raven devouring a cast-up fish, both of which he secured. All were stewed together, and a good night's sleep followed the questionable meal.

The party struck the coast near the headland that in 1775 had been named Trinidad, but not being aware of this fact they named it, for their leader, Gregg's Point.

After two days' feasting on mussels and dried salmon obtained from the Indians, they kept on south. Soon after crossing a small stream, now named Little River, they came to one by no means so little. Dr. Gregg insisted on getting out his instruments and ascertaining the latitude, but the others had no scientific interest and were in a hurry to go on. They hired Indians to row them across in canoes, and all except the doctor bundled in. Finding himself about to be left, he grabbed up his instruments and waded out into the stream to reach the canoe, which had no intention of leaving him. He got in, wet and very angry, nursing his wrath till shore was reached; then he treated his companions to some vigorous language. They responded in kind, and the altercation became so violent that the row gave the stream its name, Mad River.

They continued down the beach, camping when night overtook them. Wood, the chronicler of the expedition,^{*} and Buck went in different directions to find water. Wood returned first with a bucketful, brackish and poor. Buck soon after arrived with a supply that looked much better, but when Gregg sampled it he made a wry face and asked Buck where he found it. He replied that he dipped it out of a smooth lake about a half mile distant. It was good plain salt water; they had discovered the mythical bay—or supposed they had. They credulously named it Trinity, expecting to come to the river later. The next day they proceeded down the narrow sand strip that now bounds

the west side of Humboldt Bay, but when they reached the harbor entrance from the ocean they were compelled to retrace their steps and try the east shore. The following day they headed the bay, camping at a beautiful plateau on the edge of the redwood belt, giving a fine view 31 of a noble landlocked harbor and a rich stretch of bottom land reaching to Mad River. Here they found an abundant spring, and narrowly missed a good supper; for they shot a large elk, which, to their great disappointment, took to the brush. It was found dead the next morning, and its head, roasted in ashes, constituted a happy Christmas dinner—for December 25th had arrived, completing an even fifty days since the start from Rich Bar.

"The Narrative of L. K. Wood," published many years after, and largely incorporated in Bledsoe's "History of the Indian Wars of Northern California," is the source of most of the incidents relating to Gregg's party embraced in this chapter.

They proceeded leisurely down the east side of the bay, stopping the second day nearly opposite the entrance. It seemed a likely place for a townsite, and they honored the water-dipping discoverer by calling it Bucksport. Then they went on, crossing the little stream now named Elk River, and camping near what was subsequently called Humboldt Point. They were disappointed that no river of importance emptied into so fine a bay, but they realized the importance of such a harbor and the value of the soil and timber. They were, however, in no condition to settle, or even to tarry. Their health and strength were impaired, ammunition was practically exhausted, and there were no supplies. They would come back, but now they must reach civilization. It was midwinter and raining almost constantly. They had little idea of distance, but knew there were settlers to the south, and that they must reach them or starve. So they turned from the bay they had found to save their lives.

32

The third day they reached a large river flowing from the south, entering the ocean a few miles south of the bay. As they reached it they met two very old Indians loaded down with eels just taken from the river, which the Indians freely shared with the travelers. They were so impressed with them and more that followed that they bestowed on the magnificent river which with many branches drains one of the most majestic domains on earth the insignificant, almost sacrilegious name of *Eel*!

For two days they camped, consuming eels and discussing the future. A most unfortunate difference developed, dividing the little group of men who had suffered together so long. Gregg and three others favored following the ocean beach. The other four, headed by Wood, were of the opinion that the better course would be to follow up Eel River to its head, crossing the probably narrow divide and following down some stream headed either south or east. Neither party would yield and they parted company, each almost hopeless.

Wood and his companions soon found their plan beset with great difficulties. Spurs of the mountains came to the river's edge and cut off ascent. After five days they left the river and sought a mountain ridge. A heavy snowfall added to their discomfiture. They killed a small deer, and camped for five days, devouring it thankfully. Compelled by the snow, they returned to the river-bed, the skin of the deer 33 their only food. One morning they met and shot at five grizzly bears, but none were killed.

The next morning in a mountain gully eight ugly grizzlies faced them. In desperation they determined to attack. Wood and Wilson were to advance and fire. The others held themselves in reserve—one of them up a tree. At fifty feet each selected a bear and fired. Wilson killed his bear; Wood thought he had finished his. The beast fell, biting the earth and writhing in agony. Wilson sensibly climbed a tree and called upon Wood to do likewise. He started to first reload his rifle and the ball stuck. When the two shots were fired five of the bears started up the mountain, but one sat quietly on its haunches watching proceedings. As Wood struggled with his refractory bullet it started for him. He gained a small tree and climbed beyond reach. Unable to load, he used his rifle to beat back the beast as it tried to claw him. To his horror the bear he thought was killed rose to its feet and furiously charged the tree, breaking it down at once. Wood landed on his feet and ran down the mountain to a small buckeye, the bear after him. He managed to hook his arm around the tree, swinging his body clear. The wounded bear was carried by its momentum well down the mountain. Wood ran for another tree, the other bear close after him, snapping at his heels. Before he could climb out of reach he was grabbed by the ankle and pulled down. 34 The wounded bear came

jumping up the mountain and caught him by the shoulder. They pulled against each other as if to dismember him. His hip was dislocated and he suffered some painful flesh wounds.

His clothing was stripped from his body and he felt the end had come, but the bears seemed disinclined to seize his flesh. They were evidently suspicious of white meat. Finally one disappeared up the ravine, while the other sat down a hundred yards away, and keenly watched him. As long as he kept perfectly still the bear was quiet, but if he moved at all it rushed upon him.

Wilson came to his aid and both finally managed to climb trees beyond reach. The bear then sat down between the trees, watching both and growling threateningly if either moved. It finally tired of the game and to their great relief disappeared up the mountain. Wood, suffering acutely, was carried down to the camp, where they remained twelve days, subsisting on the bear Wilson had killed.

Wood grew worse instead of better, and the situation was grave. Little ammunition was left, they were practically without shoes or clothing and certain death seemed to face them. Wood urged them to seek their own safety, saying they could leave him with the Indians, or put an end to his sufferings at any time. Failing to induce the Indians to take him, it was decided to try to bind him on his 35 horse and take him along on the hard journey. He suffered torture, but it was a day at a time and he had great fortitude. After ten days of incredible suffering they reached the ranch of Mrs. Mark West, thirty miles from Sonoma. The date was February 17th, one hundred and four days from Rich Bar.

The four who started to follow the beach had experiences no less trying. They found it impossible to accomplish their purpose. Bold mountains came quite to the shore and blocked the way. They finally struck east for the Sacramento Valley. They were short of food and suffered unutterably. Dr. Gregg grew weaker day by day until he fell from his horse and died from starvation, speaking no word. The other three pushed on and managed to reach Sacramento a few days after the Wood party arrived at Sonoma.

While these adventurous miners were prosecuting the search for the mythical harbor, enterprising citizens of San Francisco renewed efforts to reach it from the ocean. In December, 1849, soon after Wood and his companions started from the Trinity River, the brig "Cameo" was dispatched north to search carefully for a port. She returned without success, but was again dispatched. On this trip she rediscovered Trinidad. Interest grew, and by March of 1850 not less than forty vessels were enlisted in the search.

36

My father, who left Boston early in 1849, going by Panama and the Chagres River, had been through three fires in San Francisco and was ready for any change. He joined with a number of acquaintances on one of these ventures, acting as secretary of the company. They purchased the "Paragon," a Gloucester fishing-boat of 125 tons burden and early in March, under the command of Captain March, with forty-two men in the party, sailed north. They hugged the coast and kept a careful lookout for a harbor, but passed the present Humboldt Bay in rather calm weather and in the daytime without seeing it. The cause of what was then inexplicable is now quite plain. The entrance has the prevailing northwest slant. The view into the bay from the ocean is cut off by the overlapping south spit. A direct view reveals no entrance; you can not see in by looking back after having passed it. At sea the line of breakers seems continuous, the protruding point from the south connecting in surf line with that from the north. Moreover, the bay at the entrance is very narrow. The wooded hills are so near the entrance that there seems no room for a bay.

The "Paragon" soon found heavy weather and was driven far out to sea. Then for three days she was in front of a gale driving her in shore. She reached the coast nearly at the Oregon line and dropped anchor in the lee of a small island near Point St. George. In the 37 night a gale sprang up, blowing fiercely in shore toward an apparently solid cliff. One after another the cables to her three anchors parted, and my father said it was with a feeling of relief that they heard the last one snap, the suspense giving way to what they believed to be the end of all. But there proved to be an unsuspected sandspit at the base of the cliff, and the "Paragon" at high tide plowed her way to a berth she never left. Her bones long marked the spot, and for many years the roadstead was

known as Paragon Bay. No lives were lost and no property was saved. About twenty-five of the survivors returned to San Francisco on the “Cameo,” but my father stayed by, and managed to reach Humboldt Bay soon after its discovery, settling in Uniontown in May, 1850.

The glory of the ocean discovery remained for the “Laura Virginia,” a Baltimore craft, commanded by Lieutenant Douglass Ottinger, a revenue officer on leave of absence. She left soon after the “Paragon,” and kept close in shore. Soon after leaving Cape Mendocino she reached the mouth of Eel River and came to anchor. The next day three other vessels anchored and the “General Morgan” sent a boat over the river bar. The “Laura Virginia” proceeded north and the captain soon saw the waters of a bay, but could see no entrance. He proceeded, anchoring first at Trinidad and then at where Crescent City was later located. 38 There he found the “Cameo” at anchor and the “Paragon” on the beach. Remaining in the roadstead two days, he started back, and tracing a stream of fresh-looking water discovered the mouth of the Klamath. Arriving at Trinidad, he sent five men down by land to find out if there was an entrance to the bay he had seen. On their favorable report, Second Officer Buhne was instructed to take a ship's boat and sound the entrance before the vessel should attempt it. On April 9, 1850, he crossed the bar, finding four and a half fathoms. Buhne remained in the bay till the ship dropped down. On April 14th he went out and brought her in. After much discussion the bay and the city they proposed to locate were named Humboldt, after the distinguished naturalist and traveler, for whom a member of the company had great admiration.

Let us now return to L. K. Wood, whom we left at the Mark West home in the Sonoma Valley, recovering from the serious injuries incident to the bear encounter on Eel River. After about six weeks of recuperation, Wood pushed on to San Francisco and organized a party of thirty men to return to Humboldt and establish a settlement. They were twenty days on the journey, arriving at the shore of the bay on April 19th, five days after the entrance of the “Laura Virginia.” They were amazed to see the vessel at anchor off Humboldt Point. 39 They quietly drew back into the woods, and skirting the east side of the bay came out at the Bucksport site. Four men remained to hold it. The others pushed on to the head of the bay, where they had enjoyed their Christmas dinner. This they considered the best place for a town. For three days they were very busily engaged in posting notices, laying foundations for homes, and otherwise fortifying their claims. They named the new

settlement Uniontown. About six years afterward it was changed to Arcata, the original Indian name for the spot. The change was made in consideration of the confusion occasioned by there being a Uniontown in El Dorado County.

And so the hidden harbor that had long inspired legend and tradition, and had been the source of great suffering and loss, was revealed. It was *not* fed by the Trinity or any other river. The mouth of the Trinity was *not* navigable; it did not boast a mouth—the Klamath just swallowed it. The Klamath's far-northern mouth was a poor affair, useless for commercial purposes. But a great empire had been opened and an enormously serviceable harbor had been added to California's assets. It aided mining and created immense lumber interests.

Strange as it may seem, Humboldt Bay was not discovered at this time. Some years ago a searcher of the archives of far-off St. 40 Petersburg found unquestionable proof that the discovery was made in 1806, and not in 1849-50. Early in the nineteenth century the Russian-American Company was all-powerful and especially active in the fur trade. It engaged an American captain, Jonathan Winship, who commanded an American crew on the ship "Ocean." The outfit, accompanied by a hundred Aleut Indians, with fifty-two small boats, was sent from Alaska down the California coast in pursuit of seals. They anchored at Trinidad and spread out for the capture of sea-otter. Eighteen miles south they sighted a bay and finally found the obscure entrance. They entered with a boat and then followed with the ship, which anchored nearly opposite the location of Eureka. They found fifteen feet of water on the bar. From the large number of Indians living on its shores, they called it the Bay of the Indians. The entrance they named Resanof. Winship made a detailed sketch of the bay and its surroundings, locating the Indian villages and the small streams that enter the bay. It was sent to St. Petersburg and entered on a Russian map. The Spaniards seem never to have known anything of it, and the Americans evidently considered the incident of no importance.

Humboldt as a community developed slowly. For five years its real resources were neglected. It was merely the shipping point from

HUMBOLDT BAY—FROM RUSSIAN ATLAS THE HIDDEN HARBOR—THRICE
DISCOVERED Winship, 1806. Gregg, 1849. Ottinger, 1850.

41 which the mines of the Trinity and Klamath rivers were supplied by mule trains. Gradually agriculture was developed, and from 1855 lumber was king. It is now a great domain. The county is a little less than three times the size of the state of Rhode Island, and its wealth of resources and its rugged and alluring beauty are still gaining in recognition.

Its unique glory is the world-famous redwood belt. For its entire length, one hundred and six miles of coast line, and of an average depth of eight miles, extends the marvelous grove. Originally it comprised 540,000 acres. For more than sixty years it has been mercilessly depleted, yet it is claimed that the supply will not be exhausted for two hundred years. There is nothing on the face of the earth to compare with this stand of superb timber. Trees reach two hundred and fifty feet in height, thirty feet in diameter, and a weight of 1,250,000 pounds. Through countless centuries these noble specimens have stood, majestic, serene, reserved for man's use and delight. In these later years fate has numbered their days, but let us firmly withstand their utter demolition. It is beyond conception that all these monuments to nature's power and beauty should be sacrificed. We must preserve accessible groves for the inspiration and joy of those who will take our places.

The coast highway following down one of the forks of the Eel River passes through the 42 magnificent redwood belt and affords a wonderful view of these superb trees. Efforts are now being made to preserve the trees bordering the highway, that one of the most attractive features of California's scenic beauty may be preserved for all time. California has nothing more impressive to offer than these majestic trees, and they are an asset she cannot afford to lose.

CHAPTER III

NINE YEARS NORTH

UNIONTOWN (now Arcata) had enjoyed the early lead among the Humboldt Bay towns. The first consideration had been the facility in supplying the mines on the Trinity and the Klamath. All goods

were transported by pack-trains, and the trails over the mountains were nearer the head of the bay. But soon lumber became the leading industry, and the mills were at Eureka on deep water at the center of the bay, making that the natural shipping point. It grew rapidly, outstripping its rival, and also capturing the county-seat.

Arcata struggled valiantly, but it was useless. Her geographical position was against her. In an election she shamelessly stuffed the ballot box, but Eureka went to the legislature and won her point.

Arcata had the most beautiful location and its people were very ambitious. In fruitless effort to sustain its lead, the town had built a pier almost two miles in length to a slough navigable to ocean steamers. A single horse drew a flat car carrying passengers and freight. It was the nearest approach to a railroad in the state of California at the time of our arrival on that lovely morning in 1855.

44

We disembarked from the ancient craft and were soon leisurely pursuing our way toward the enterprising town at the other end of the track. It seemed that we were met by the entire population; for the arrival of the steamer with mail and passengers was the exciting event of the month. The station was near the southwest corner of the plaza, which we crossed diagonally to the post-office, housed in the building that had been my father's store until he sold out the year before, when he was elected to the Assembly. Murdock's Hall was in the second story, and a little way north stood a zinc house that was to be our home. It had been shipped first to San Francisco and then to Humboldt. Its plan and architecture were the acme of simplicity. There were three rooms tandem, each with a door in the exact middle, so that if all the doors were open a bullet would be unimpeded in passing through. To add to the social atmosphere, a front porch, open at both ends, extended across the whole front. A horseman could, and in fact often did, ride across it. My brother and I occupied a chamber over the post-office, and he became adept in going to sleep on the parlor sofa every night and later going to bed in the store without waking, dodging all obstructing objects and undressing while sound asleep.

We were quite comfortable in this joke of a house. But we had no pump; all the water we used I brought from a spring in the edge of the 45 woods, the one found by the Gregg party on the night of Christmas, 1849. The first time I visited it and dipped my bucket in the sunken barrel that protected it I had a shock. Before leaving San Francisco, being a sentimental youth and knowing little of what Humboldt offered, I bought two pots of fragrant flowers—a heliotrope and a musk-plant—bringing them on the steamer with no little difficulty. As I dipped into the barrel I noticed that it was surrounded by a solid mass of musk-plants growing wild. The misapprehension was at least no greater than that which prompted some full-grown man to ship a zinc house to the one spot in the world where the most readily splitting lumber was plentiful.

One of the sights shown to the newcomer was a two-story house built before the era of the sawmill. It was built of split lumber from a single redwood tree—and enough remained to fence the lot! Within a stone's throw from the musk-plant spring was a standing redwood, with its heart burned out, in which thirteen men had slept one night, just to boast of it. Later, in my time, a shingle-maker had occupied the tree all one winter, both as a residence and as a shop where he made shingles for the trade.

We had a very pleasant home and were comfortable and happy. We had a horse, cows, rabbits, and pigeons. Our garden furnished berries and vegetables in plenty. The Indians sold fish, and I provided at first rabbits and 46 then ducks and geese. One delicious addition to our table was novel to us. As a part of the redwood's undergrowth was a tall bush that in its season yielded a luscious and enormous berry called the salmon-berry. It was much like a raspberry, generally salmon in color, very juicy and delicate, approximating an inch and a half in diameter. Armed with a long pole, a short section of a butt limb forming a sort of shepherd's crook, I would pull down the heavily laden branches and after a few moments in the edge of the woods would be provided with a dessert fit for any queen, and so appropriate for my mother.

California in those early days seemed wholly dependent on the foreign markets. Flour came from Chile, “Haxall” being the common brand; cheese from Holland and Switzerland; cordials, sardines, and prunes from France; ale and porter from England; olives from Spain; whisky from Scotland.

Boston supplied us with crackers, Philadelphia sent us boots, and New Orleans furnished us with sugar and molasses.

The stores that supplied the mines carried almost everything—provisions, clothing, dry goods, and certainly wet goods. At every store there was found an open barrel of whisky, with a convenient glass sampler that would yield through the bung hole a fair-sized drink to test the quality. One day I went into a store where a clever Chinaman was employed. He had printed numerous placards announcing the 47 stock. I noticed a fresh one that seemed incongruous. It read, “Codfish and Cologne Water.” I said, “What’s the idea?” He smilingly replied, “You see its place? I hang it over the whisky-barrel. Some time man come to steal a drink. I no see him; he read sign, he laugh, I hear him, I see him.”

There was no school in the town when we came. It troubled my mother that my brother and sister must be without lessons. Several other small children were deprived of opportunity. In the emergency we cleaned out a room in the store, formerly occupied by a county officer, and I organized a very primary school. I was almost fifteen, but the children were good and manageable. I did not have very many, and fortunately I was not called upon to teach very long. There came to town a clever man, Robert Desty. He wanted to teach. There was no school building, but he built one all by his own hands. He suggested that I give up my school and become a pupil of his. I was very glad to do it. He was a good and ingenious teacher. I enjoyed his lessons about six months, and then felt I must help my father. My stopping was the only graduation in my experience.

My father was an inveterate trader, and the year after our coming he joined with another venturer in buying the standing crop of wheat in Hoopa Valley, on the Trinity River. I went up to help in the harvesting, being charged with the weighing of the sacked grain. It was a fine 48 experience for an innocent Yankee boy. We lived out of doors, following the threshers from farm to farm, eating under an oak tree and sleeping on the fragrant straw-piles. I was also the butt of about the wildest lot of jokers ever assembled. They were good-natured, but it was their concerted effort to see how much I could stand in the way of highly flavored stories at mealtime. It was fun for them, besides

they felt it would be a service to knock out some of the Boston “sissiness.” I do not doubt it was. They never quite drove me away from the table.

In the meantime I had a great good time. It was a very beautiful spot and all was new and strange. There were many Indians, and they were interesting. They lived in rancherias of puncheons along the river. Each group of dwellings had a musical name. One village was called Matiltin, another Savanalta. The children swam like so many ducks, and each village had its sweathouse from which every adult, to keep in health and condition, would plunge into the swiftly flowing river. They lived on salmon, fresh or dried, and on grass-seed cakes cooked on heated stones. They were handsome specimens physically and were good workers. The river was not bridged, but it was not deep and canoes were plenty. If none were seen on the side which you chanced to find yourself, you had only to call, “Wanus, matil!” (Come, boat!) and one would come. If in a hurry, “Holish!” would expedite the service.

49

The Indian language was fascinating and musical. “Iaquay” was the word of friendly greeting. “Aliquor” was Indian, “Waugee” was white man, “Chick” was the general word for money. When “Waugee-chick” was mentioned, it meant gold or silver; if “Aliquor-chick,” reference was made to the spiral quill-like shells which served as their currency, their value increasing rapidly by the length.* There are frequent combined words. “Hutla” is night, “Wha” is the sun; “Hutla-wha” is the moon—the night-sun. If an Indian wishes to ask where you are going, he will say, “Ta hunt tow ingya?” “Teena scoia” is very good. “Skeena” is too small. “Semastolon” is a young woman; if she is considered beautiful, “Clane nuquum” describes her.

In the Hawaiian Islands short shells of this variety are strung for beads, but have little value

The Indians were very friendly and hospitable. If I wanted an account-book that was on the other side of the river, they would not bother for a canoe, but swim over with it, using one hand and holding the book high in the air. I found they had settled habits and usages that seemed peculiar to them. If one of their number died, they did not like it referred to; they wished for no condolence. “Indian die, Indian no talk,” was their expression.

It was a wonder to me that in a valley connected with civilization by only a trail there should be found McCormick's reapers and 50 Pitt's threshers. Parts too large for a mule's pack had been cut in two and afterwards reunited. By some dint of ingenuity even a millstone had been hauled over the roadless mountains. The wheat we harvested was ground at the Hoopa mill and the flour was shipped to the Trinity and Klamath mines.

All the week we harvested vigorously, and on Sunday we devoted most of the day to visiting the watermelon patches and sampling the product. Of course, we spent a portion of the day in washing our few clothes, usually swimming and splashing in the river until they were dry.

The valley was long and narrow, with mountains on both sides so high that the day was materially shortened in the morning and at night. The tardy sun was ardent when he came, but disturbed us little. The nights were blissful—beds so soft and sweet and a canopy so beautiful! In the morning we awoke to the tender call of cooing doves, and very soon lined up for breakfast in the perfectly ventilated out-of-doors. Happy days they were! Wise and genial Captain Snyder, Sonnichsen, the patient cook, Jim Brock, happy tormenter—how clearly they revisit the glimpses of the moon!

Returning to Uniontown, I resumed my placid, busy life, helping in the garden, around the house, and in the post-office. My father was wise in his treatment. Boylike I would say, "Father, what shall I do?" He would answer, "Look around and find out. I'll not 51 always be here to tell you." Thrown on my own resources, I had no trouble in finding enough to do, and I was sufficiently normal and indolent to be in no danger of finding too much.

The post-office is a harborer of secrets and romance. The postmaster and his assistants alone know "Who's Who." A character of a packer, tall, straight, and bearded, always called Joe the Marine, would steal in and call for comely letters addressed to James Ashhurst, Esq. Robert Desty was found to be Mons. Robert d'Esti Mauville. A blacksmith whose letters were commonly addressed to C. E. Bigelow was found entitled to one inscribed C. E. D. L. B. Bigelow. Asked what his full name was, he replied, "Charles Edward Decatur La Fitte Butterfield Bigelow." And, mind you, he

was a *blacksmith*! His christening entitled him to it all, but he felt that all he could afford was what he commonly used.

Phonetics have a distinct value. Uncertain of spelling, one can fall back on remembered sound. I found a letter addressed to “Sanerzay.” I had no difficulty in determining that San Jose was intended. Hard labor was suggested when someone wrote “Youchiyer.” The letter found its resting-place in Ukiah.

Among my miscellaneous occupations was the pasturage of mules about to start on the return trip to the mines. We had a farm and logging-claim on the outskirts of town which afforded a good farewell bite of grass, and at 52 night I would turn loose twenty to forty mules and their beloved bell-mare to feed and fight mosquitoes. Early the next morning I would saddle my charger and go and bring them to the packing corral. Never shall I forget a surprise given me one morning. I had a tall, awkward mare, and was loping over the field looking for my charges. An innocent little rabbit scuttled across Kate's path and she stopped in her tracks as her feet landed. I was gazing for the mule train and I did not stop. I sailed over her head, still grasping the bridle reins, which, attached to the bit, I also had to overleap, so that the next moment I found myself standing erect with the reins between my legs, holding on to a horse behind me still standing in her arrested tracks. Remounting, I soon found the frisky mules and started them toward misery. Driven into the corral where their freight had been divided into packs of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, they were one by one saddled, cinched, and packed. A small mule would seem to be unequal to carrying two side-packs, each consisting of three fifty-pound sacks of flour, and perhaps a case of boots for a top-pack. But protests of groans and grunts would be unavailing. Two swarthy Mexicans, by dint of cleverly thrown ropes and the “diamond hitch,” would soon have in place all that the traffic would bear, and the small Indian boy on the mother of the train, bearing a tinkling bell, 53 would lead them on their way to Salmon River or to Orleans Bar.

Another frequent duty was the preparation of the hall for some public function. It might be a dance, a political meeting, or some theatrical performance. Different treatment would be required, but all would include cleaning and lighting. At a dance it was floor-scrubbing, filling the camphene lamps,

and making up beds for the babies to be later deposited by their dancing mothers. Very likely I would tend door and later join in the dance, which commonly continued until morning.

Politics interested me. In the Frémont campaign of 1856 my father was one of four Republicans in the county, and was by no means popular. He lived to see Humboldt County record a six hundred majority for the Republican ticket. Some of our local legislative candidates surprised and inspired me by their eloquence and unexpected knowledge and ability. It was good to find that men read and thought, even when they lived in the woods and had little encouragement.

Occasionally we had quite good theatrical performances. Very early I recall a thespian named Thoman, who was supported by a Julia Pelby. They vastly pleased an uncritical audience. I was doorkeeper, notwithstanding that Thoman doubted if I was “hefty” enough. “Little Lotta” Crabtree was charming. Her mother traveled with her. Between 54 performances she played with her dolls. She danced gracefully and sang fascinatingly such songs as “I’m the covey what sings.” Another prime favorite was Joe Murphy, Irish comedian and violinist, pleasing in both roles. I remember a singing comedian who bewailed his sad estate: “For now I have nothing but rags to my back, My boots scarce cover my toes, While my pants are patched with an old flour-sack, To jibe with the rest of my clo'es.”

The singing-school was pleasure-yielding, its greatest joy being incidental. When I could cut ahead of a chum taking a girl home and shamelessly trip him up with a stretched rope and get back to the drugstore and be curled up in the woodbox when he reached his final destination, I am afraid I took unholy joy.

Not long after coming we started a public library. Mother and I covered all the books, this being considered an economical necessity. Somewhat later Arcata formed a debating society that was really a helpful influence. It engaged quite a wide range of membership, and we discussed almost everything. Some of our members were fluent of speech from long participation in Methodist experience meetings. Others were self-trained even to pronunciation. One man of good mind, always said “here *dit* ary.” He had read French history and often referred to the *Gridironists* of

France. I have an idea he was the original 55 of the man whom Bret Harte made refer to the Greek hero as “old Ashheels.” Our meetings were open, and among the visitors I recall a clerk of a commander in the Indian war. He afterwards became lieutenant-governor of the state, and later a senator from Nevada—John P. Jones.

An especial pleasure were the thoroughness and zest with which we celebrated the Fourth of July. The grown-ups did well in the day-light hours, when the procession, the oration, and the reading of the Declaration were in order; but with the shades of night the fireworks would have been inadequate but for the activity of the boys. The town was built around a handsome plaza, probably copied from Sonoma as an incident of the Wood sojourn. On the highest point in the center a fine flagstaff one hundred and twenty feet high was proudly crowned by a liberty-cap. This elevated plateau was the field of our display. On a spot not too near the flagstaff we planned for a spectacular center of flame. During the day we gathered material for an enormous bonfire. Huge casks formed the base and inflammable material of all kinds reached high in the air. At dark we fired the pile. But the chief interest was centered in hundreds of balls of twine, soaked in camphene, which we lighted and threw rapidly from hand to hand all over the plaza. We could not hold on to them long, but we didn't need to. They came flying from 56 every direction and were caught from the ground and sent back before they had a chance to burn. The noise and excitement can be easily imagined. Blackened and weary boys kept it up till the bonfire was out and the balls had grown too small to pick up. Nothing interfered with our celebrations. When the Indians were “bad” we forsook the redwoods and built our speaker's stand and lunch tables and benches out in the open beyond firing distance.

Our garden was quite creditable. Vegetables were plentiful and my flower-beds, though formal, were pleasing. Stock-raising was very interesting. One year I had the satisfaction of breaking three heifers and raising their calves. My brother showed more enterprise, for he induced a plump young mother of the herd to allow him to ride her when he drove the rest to pasture.

Upon our arrival in Uniontown we found the only church was the Methodist. We at once attended, and I joined the Sunday-school. My teacher was a periodically reformed boat-man. When he fell

from grace he was taken in hand by the Sons of Temperance, which I had also joined. “Morning Star Division, No. 106,” was never short of material to work on. My first editorial experience was on its spicy little written journal. I went through the chairs and became “Worthy Patriarch” while still a boy. The church was mostly served by 57 first-termers, not especially inspiring. I recall one good man who seemed to have no other qualification for the office. He frankly admitted that he had worked in a mill and in a lumber-yard, and said he liked preaching “better than anything he’d ever been at.” He was very sincere and honest. He had a uniform lead in prayer: “O Lord, we thank thee that it is as well with us as what it is.” The sentiment was admirable, but somehow the manner grated. When the presiding elder came around we had a relief. He was wide-awake and witty. One night he read the passage of Scripture where they all began with one accord to make excuses. One said: “I have married a wife and cannot come.” The elder, looking up, said, “Why didn’t the pesky fool bring her with him?”

In the process of time the Presbyterians started a church, and I went there; swept out, trimmed the lamps, and sang in the choir. The preacher was an educated man, and out of the pulpit was kind and reasonable; but he persisted that “Good deeds were but as filthy rags.” I didn’t believe it and I didn’t like it. The staid pastor had but little recreation, and I am afraid I was always glad that Ulrica Schumacher, the frisky sister of the gunsmith, almost always beat him at chess.

He was succeeded by a man I loved, and I wonder I did not join his church. We were good friends and used to go out trout-fishing 58 together. He was a delightful man, but when he was in the pulpit he shrank and shriveled. The danger of Presbyterianism passed when he expressed his doubt whether it would be best for my mother to partake of communion, as she had all her life in the Unitarian church. She was willing, but waited his approval. My mother was the most saintly of women, absolutely unselfish and self-sacrificing, and it shocked me that any belief or lack of belief should exclude her from a Christian communion.

When my father, in one of his numerous trades, bought out the only tinshop and put me in charge he changed my life and endangered my disposition. The tinsmith left the county and I was left with the tools and the material, the only tinsmith in Humboldt County. How I struggled and bungled! I could

make stovepipe by the mile, but it was a long time before I could double-seam a copper bottom onto a tin wash-boiler. I lived to construct quite a decent traveling oilcan for a Eureka sawmill, but such triumphs come through mental anguish and burned fingers. No doubt the experience extended my desultory education.

The taking over of the tinshop was doubly disappointing, since I really wanted to go into the office of the *Northern Californian* and become a printer and journalist. That job I turned over to Bret Harte, who was clever and cultivated, but had not yet “caught on.” Leon 59 Chevret, the French hotelkeeper, said of him to a lawyer of his acquaintance, “Bret Harte, he have the Napoleonic nose, the nose of genius; also, like many of you professional men, his debts trouble him very little.”

There were many interesting characters among the residents of the town and county. At times there came to play the violin at our dances one Seth Kinman, a buckskin-clad hunter. He became nationally famous when he fashioned and presented elkhorn chairs to Buchanan and several succeeding Presidents. They were ingenious and beautiful, and he himself was most picturesque.

One of our originals was a shiftless and merry Iowan to whose name was added by courtesy the prefix “Dr.” He had a small farm in the outskirts. Gates hung from a single hinge and nothing was kept in repair. He preferred to use his time in persuading nature to joke. A single cucumber grown into a glass bottle till it could not get out was worth more than a salable crop, and a single cock whose comb had grown around an inserted pullet breastbone, until he seemed the precursor of a new breed of horned roosters, was better than much poultry. He reached his highest fame in the cure of his afflicted wife. She languished in bed and he diagnosed her illness as resulting from the fact that she was “hidebound.” His house he had never had time to complete. The rafters were 60 unobstructed by ceiling, so she was favorably situated for treatment. He fixed a lasso under her arms, threw the end around a rafter, and proceeded to loosen her refractory hide.

One of our leading merchants was a deacon in the Methodist church and so enjoyed the patronage of his brother parishioners. One of them came in one day and asked the paying price of eggs. The deacon told him “sixty cents a dozen.”

“What are sail-needles?”

“Five cents apiece.”

The brother produced an egg and proposed a swap. It was smilingly accepted and the egg added to the pile of stock.

The brother lingered and finally drawled, “Deacon, it's customary, isn't it, to *treat* a buyer?”

“It is; what will you take?” laughingly replied the deacon.

“Sherry is nice.”

The deacon poured out the sherry and handed it to his customer, who hesitated and timidly remarked that sherry was improved by a raw egg. The amused deacon turned around and took from the egg-pile the identical one he had received. As the brother broke it into his glass he noticed it had an extra yolk. After enjoying his drink, he handed back the empty glass and said: “Deacon, that egg had a double yolk; don't you think you ought to give me another sail-needle?”

61

When Thomas Starr King was electrifying the state in support of the Sanitary Commission (the Red Cross of the Civil War), Arcata caught the fever and in November, 1862, held a great meeting at the Presbyterian church. Our leading ministers and lawyers appealed with power and surprising subscriptions followed. Mr. Coddington, our wealthiest citizen, started the list with three hundred dollars and ten dollars a month during the war. Others followed, giving according to their ability. One man gave for himself, as well as for his wife and all his children. On taking his seat and speaking to his wife, he jumped up and added one dollar for the new baby that he had forgotten. When money gave out other belongings were sacrificed. One man gave twenty-five bushels of wheat, another ten cords of wood, another his saddle, another a gun. A notary gave twenty dollars in fees. A cattle-man brought down the house when he said, “I have no money, but I will give a cow, and a calf a month as long as the war lasts.” The following day it was my joy as secretary to

auction off the merchandise. When all was forwarded to San Francisco we were told we had won first honors, averaging over twenty-five dollars for each voter in the town.

One interesting circumstance was the consignment to me of the first shipments of two novelties that afterward became very common. The discovery of coal-oil and the utilization of 62 kerosene for lighting date back to about 1859. The first coal-oil lamps that came to Humboldt were sent to me for display and introduction. Likewise, about 1860, a Grover & Baker sewing machine was sent up for me to exhibit. By way of showing its capabilities, I sewed the necessary number of yard-widths of the length of Murdock's Hall to make a new ceiling, of which it chanced to stand in need.

Humboldt County was an isolated community. Sea steamers were both infrequent and uncertain, with ten days or two weeks and more between arrivals. There were no roads to the interior, but there were trails, and they were often threatened by treacherous Indians. The Indians living near us on Mad River were peaceful, but the mountain Indians were dangerous, and we never knew when we were really safe. In Arcata we had one stone building, a store, and sometimes the frightened would resort to it at night. In times of peace, settlers lived on Mad River, on Redwood Creek, and on the Bald Hills, where they herded their cattle. One by one they were killed or driven in until there was not a white person living between the bay and Trinity River. Mail carriers were shot down, and the young men of Arcata were often called upon at night to nurse the wounded. We also organized a military company, and a night duty was drilling our men on the plaza or up past the gruesome graveyard. My command 63 was never called out for service, but I had some fortunate escapes from being waylaid. I walked around the bay one morning; a few hours later a man was ambushed on the road.

On one occasion I narrowly escaped participation in warfare. In August, 1862, there had been outrages by daring Indian bands, killing unprotected men close to town. Once a few of us followed the tracks of a party and traced the marauders across Mad River and toward a small prairie known to our leader, Ousley the saddler. As we passed along a small road he caught the sign. A whiff of a shred of cotton cloth caught on a bush denoted a smoky native. A crushed fern, still moist, told him they had lately passed. At his direction we took to the woods and crawled quietly toward the near-

by prairie. Our orders were to wait the signal. If the band we expected to find was not too large, we should be given the word to attack. If there were too many for us, we should back out and go to town for help. We soon heard them plainly as they made camp. We found about three times our number, and we retired very quietly and made for the nearest farmhouse that had a team.

In town many were anxious to volunteer. My mother did not want me to go, and I must confess I was in full accord with her point of view. I therefore served as commissary, collecting and preparing quantities of bread, bacon, and cheese for a breakfast and 64 distributing a packed bag to each soldier. The attack at daylight resulted in one death to our command and a number to the Indians. It was followed up, and a few days later the band was almost annihilated. The plunder recovered proved them guilty of many late attacks. This was toward the end of the Indian war that had for so many years been disastrous to the community, and which in many of its aspects was deeply pathetic. Originally the Indian population was large. The coast Indians were spoken of as Diggers, and inferior in character. They were generally peaceful and friendly while the mountain dwellers were inclined to hostility. As a whole they did not represent a very high type of humanity, and all seemed to take to the vices rather than to the virtues of the white race, which was by no means represented at its best. A few unprincipled whites were always ready to stir up trouble and the Indians were treacherous and when antagonized they killed the innocent rather than the guilty, for they were cowards and took the fewest possible chances. I have known an Indian hater who seemed to think the only good Indian was a dead one go unmolested through an entire campaign, while a friendly old man was shot from behind while milking his cow. The town was near the edge of the woods and no one was secure. The fine character whom we greatly respected, —the debater of original pronunciation, —who had never wronged a human being of any 65 race, was shot down from the woods quite near the plaza.

The regular army was useless in protection or punishment. Their regulations and methods did not fit. They made fine plans, but they failed to work. They would locate the enemy and detail detachments to move from various points to surround and capture the foe, but when they got there the bushes were bare. Finally battalions of mountaineers were organized among men who knew

Indian ways and were their equals in cunning. They soon satisfied the hostiles that they would be better off on the reservations that were provided and the war was at an end.

It was to the credit of Humboldt County that in the final settlement of the contest the rights of the Indians were quite fairly considered and the reservations set aside for their residence were of valuable land well situated and fitted for the purpose. Hoopa Valley, on the Trinity, was purchased from its settlers and constituted a reservation protected by Fort Gaston and a garrison. It was my pleasure to revisit the scene of my boyhood experience and assist in the transfer largely conducted through the leadership of Austin Wiley, the editor and owner of the *Humboldt Times*. He was subsequently made Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the state of California, and as his clerk I helped in the administration. When I visited the Smith River reservation, to which the Bay Indians had been sent, I was hailed with joy as “Major's pappoose,” whom they remembered of old. (My father was always called Major.)

Among the warm friendships formed at this time two stand out. Two boys of about my age were to achieve brilliant careers. Very early I became intimate with Alexander Brizard, a clerk in the store of F. Roskill, a Russian. He was my companion in the adventure of following the Indian marauders, and my associate in the church choir and the debating club. In 1863 he joined a fellow clerk in establishing a modest business concern, the firm being known as A. Brizard & Co.; the unnamed partner was James Alexander Campbell Van Rossum, a Hollander. They prospered amazingly. Van Rossum died early, Brizard became the leading merchant of northern California, and his sons still continue the chain of stores that grew from the small beginning. He was a strong, fine character.

The other boy, very near to me, was John J. DeHaven, who was first a printer, then a lawyer, then a State Senator, then a Congressman, and finally a U.S. District Judge. He was very able and distinguished himself in every place in life to which he advanced.

In 1861, when my father had become superintendent of a Nevada County gold mine, he left me to run the post-office, cut the timothy hay, and manage a logging-camp. It was wartime and I had a longing to enlist. One day I received a letter from him, and as I tore it open a startling

sentence caught my eye, "Your commission will come by the next steamer." I caught my breath and south particulars. It informed me that Senator Sargent, his close friend, had secured for me the appointment of Register of the Land Office at Humboldt.

There had been a vacancy for some time, resulting from reduction in the pay from \$3000 in gold to \$500 in greenbacks, together with commissions, which were few. My father thought it would be good experience for me and advised my acceptance. And so at twenty-two I became a Federal officeholder. The commission from President Lincoln is the most treasured feature of the incident. I learned 68 some valuable lessons. The honor was great and the position was responsible, but I soon felt constrained to resign, to accept a place as quartermaster's clerk, where I had more pay with more work. I was stationed at Fort Humboldt, where Grant spent a few uncomfortable months in 1854. It was an experience very different from any I had ever had. Army accounting is wholly unlike civilian, books being dispensed with and accounts of all kinds being made in quadruplicate. I shed quantities of red ink and made my monthly papers appear well. I had no responsibility and obeyed orders, but I could not be wholly comfortable when I covered in all the grain that every mule was entitled to when I had judicial knowledge that he had been turned out to grass. Nor could I believe that the full amount of cordwood allowed officers was consumed when fires were infrequent. I was only sure that it was paid for. Aside from these ethical informalities the life was socially agreeable, and there is glamour in the military. My period of service was not very long. My father had settled in San Francisco and the family had joined him. I was lonely, and when my friend, the new Superintendent of Indian Affairs, offered me employment I forsook Fort Humboldt and took up my residence in the city by the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER IV

THE REAL BRET HARTE

BEFORE taking up the events related to my residence in San Francisco I wish to give my testimony concerning Bret Harte, perhaps the most interesting character associated with my sojourn in Humboldt. It was before he was known to fame that I knew him; but I am able to correct some

errors that have been made and I believe can contribute to a more just estimate of him as a literary artist and a man.

He has been misjudged as to character. He was a remarkable personality, who interpreted an ear of unusual interest, vital and picturesque, with a result unparalleled in literary annals. When he died in England in 1902 the English papers paid him very high tribute. The *London Spectator* said of him:

“No writer of the present day has struck so powerful and original a note as he has sounded.” This is a very unusual acknowledgment from a source not given to the superlative, and fills us with wonder as to what manner of man and what sort of training had led to it.

Causes are not easily determined, but they exist and function. Accidents rarely if ever 70 happen. Heredity and experience very largely account for results. What is their testimony in this particular case?

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, February 25, 1836. His father was a highly educated instructor in Greek, of English-Jewish descent. His mother was an Ostrander, a cultivated and fine character of Dutch descent. His grandmother on his father's side was Catherine Brett. He had an elder brother and two younger sisters. The boys were voracious readers and began Shakespeare when six, adding Dickens at seven. Frank developed an early sense of humor, burlesquing the baldness of his primer and mimicking the recitations of some of his fellow pupils when he entered school. He was studious and very soon began to write. At eleven he sent a poem to a weekly paper and was a little proud when he showed it to the family in print. When they heartlessly pointed out its flaws he was less hilarious.

His father died when he was very young and he owed his training to his mother. He left school at thirteen and was first a lawyer's clerk and later found work in a counting-room. He was self-supporting at sixteen. In 1853 his mother married Colonel Andrew Williams, an early mayor of Oakland, and removed to California. The following year Bret and his younger sister, Margaret, followed her, arriving in Oakland in March, 1854.

He found the new home pleasant. The relations with his cultivated stepfather were congenial and cordial, but he suffered the fate of most untrained boys. He was fairly well educated, but he had no trade or profession. He was bright and quick, but remunerative employment was not readily found, and he did not relish a clerkship. For a time he was given a place in a drugstore. Some of his early experiences are embalmed in “How Reuben Allen Saw Life” and in “Bohemian Days.” In the latter he says: “I had been there a week, —an idle week, spent in listless outlook for employment, a full week, in my eager absorption of the strange life around me and a photographic sensitiveness to certain scenes and incidents of those days, which stand out in my memory today as freshly as on the day they impressed me.”

It was a satisfaction that he found some congenial work. He wrote for *Putnam's* and the *Knickerbocker*.

In 1856, when he was twenty, he went to Alamo, in the San Ramon Valley, as tutor in an interesting family. He found the experience agreeable and valuable.

A letter to his sister Margaret, written soon after his arrival, shows a delightful relation between them and warm affection on his part. It tells in a felicitous manner of the place, the people, and his experiences. He had been to a camp-meeting and was struck with the quaint, 72 old-fashioned garb of the girls, seeming to make the ugly ones uglier and the pretty ones prettier. It was raining when he wrote and he felt depressed, but he sent his love in the form of a charming bit of verse wherein a tear was borne with the flowing water to testify to his tender regard for his “peerless sister.” This letter, too personal for publication, his sister lately read to me, and it was a revelation of the matchless style so early acquired. In form it seemed perfect—not a superfluous or an ill-chosen word. Every sentence showed rhythm and balance, flowing easily and pleasantly from beginning to end, leaving an impression of beauty and harmony, and testifying to a kindly, gentle nature, with an admiring regard for his seventeen-year-old sister.

From Alamo he seems to have gone directly to Tuolumne County, and it must have been late in 1856. His delightful sketch "How I Went to the Mines" is surely autobiographical. He says: "I had been two years in California before I ever thought of going to the mines, and my initiation into the vocation of gold-digging was partly compulsory." He refers to "the little pioneer settlement school, of which I was the somewhat youthful, and, I fear, not over-competent master." What he did after the school-teaching episode he does not record. He was a stage messenger at one time. How long he remained in and around the mines is not definitely known, but it seems 73 clear that in less than a year of experience and observation he absorbed the life and local color so thoroughly that he was able to use it with almost undiminished freshness for forty years.

It was early in 1857 that Bret Harte came to Humboldt County to visit his sister Margaret, and for a brief time and to a limited extent our lives touched. He was twenty-one and I was sixteen, so there was little intimacy, but he interested and attracted me as a new type of manhood. He bore the marks of good breeding, education, and refinement. He was quiet of manner, kindly but not demonstrative, with a certain reserve and aloofness. He was of medium height, rather slight of figure, with strongly marked features and an aquiline nose. He seemed clever rather than forcible, and presented a pathetic figure as of one who had gained no foothold on success. He had a very pleasant voice and a modest manner, and never talked of himself. He was always the gentleman, exemplary as to habits, courteous and good-natured, but a trifle aristocratic in bearing. He was dressed in good taste, but was evidently in need of income. He was willing to do anything, but with little ability to help himself. He was simply untrained for doing anything that needed doing in that community.

He found occasional work in the drugstore, and for a time he had a small private school. 74 His surviving pupils speak warmly of his sympathy and kindness. He had little mechanical ability. I recall seeing him try to build a fence one morning. He bravely dug postholes, but they were pretty poor, and the completed fence was not so very straight. He was genial and uncomplaining, and he made a few good friends. He was an agreeable guest, and at our house was fond of a game of whist. He was often facetious, with a neatness that was characteristic. One day, on a stroll, we passed a

very primitive new house that was wholly destitute of all ornaments or trimming, even without eaves. It seemed modeled after a packingbox. "That," he remarked, "must be of the *Iowan* order of architecture."

He was given to teasing, and could be a little malicious. A proud and ambitious school-teacher had married a well-off but decidedly Cockney Englishman, whose aspirates could be relied upon to do the expected. Soon after the wedding, Harte called and cleverly steered the conversation on to music and songs, finally expressing great fondness for "Kathleen Mavourneen," but professing to have forgotten the words. The bridegroom swallowed the bait with avidity. "Why," said he, "they begin with 'The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill.'" F. B. stroked his Dundrearies while his dark eyes twinkled. The bride's eyes flashed ominously, but there seemed to be nothing she felt like saying.

75

In October, 1857, he removed to the Liscom ranch in the suburbs at the head of the bay and became the tutor of two boys, fourteen and thirteen years of age. He had a forenoon session of school and in the afternoon enjoyed hunting on the adjacent marshes. For his convenience in keeping run of the lessons given, he kept a brief diary, and it has lately been found. It is of interest both in the little he records and from the significant omissions. It reveals a very simple life of a clever, kindly, clean young man who did his work, enjoyed his outdoor recreation, read a few good books, and generally "retired at 9 1/2 P.M." He records sending letters to various publications. On a certain day he wrote the first lines of "Dolores." A few days later he finished it, and mailed it to the *Knickerbocker*.

He wrote and rewrote a story, "What Happened at Mendocino." What happened to the story does not appear. He went to church generally, and some of the sermons were good and others "vapid and trite." Once in a while he goes to a dance, but not to his great satisfaction. He didn't dance particularly well. He tells of a Christmas dinner that he helped his sister to prepare. Something made him dissatisfied with himself and he bewails his melancholy and gloomy forebodings that unfit him for rational enjoyment and cause him to be a spectacle for "gods and men." He adds:

“Thermometer of my spirit on Christmas day, 1857, 9 A.M., 76 40°; temperature, 12 A.M., 60°; 3 P.M., 80°; 6 P.M., 20° and falling rapidly; 9 P.M., at zero; 1 A.M., 20° below.”

His entries were brief and practical. He did not write to express his feelings.

At the close of 1857 he indulged in a brief retrospect, and an emphatic statement of his determination for the future.

After referring to the fact that he was a tutor at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month and board, and that a year before he was unemployed, at the close he writes: “In these three hundred and sixty-five days I have again put forth a feeble essay toward fame and perhaps fortune. I have tried literature, albeit in a humble way. I have written some passable prose and it has been successfully published. The conviction is forced on me by observation, and not by vain enthusiasm, that I am fit for nothing else. Perhaps I may succeed; if not, I can at least make the trial. Therefore I consecrate this year, or as much as God may grant for my services, to honest, heartfelt, sincere labor and devotion to this occupation. God help me! May I succeed!”

Harte profited by his experience in tutoring my two boy friends, gaining local color quite unlike that of the Sierra foothills. Humboldt is also on the grand scale and its physical characteristics and its type of manhood were fresh and inspiring.

His familiarity with the marsh and the 77 sloughs is shown in “The Man on the Beach” and the “Dedlow Marsh Stories,” and this affords fine opportunity for judging of the part played by knowledge and by imagination in his literary work. His descriptions are photographic in their accuracy. The flight of a flock of sandpipers, the flowing tides, the white line of the bar at the mouth of the bay—all are exact. But the locations and relations irrelevant to the story are wholly ignored. The characters and happenings are purely imaginary. He is the artist using his experiences and his fancy as his colors, and the minimum of experience and small observation suffice. His perception of character is marvelous. He pictures the colonel, his daughters, the spruce lieutenant, and the Irish deserter with such familiarity that the reader would think that he had spent most of his

life in a garrison, and his ability to portray vividly life in the mines, where his actual experience was so very slight, is far better understood.

Many of the occurrences of those far-away days have faded from my mind, but one of them, of considerable significance to two lives, is quite clear. Uniontown had been the county-seat, and there the *Humboldt Times* was published; but Eureka, across the bay, had out-grown her older sister and captured both the county-seat and the only paper in the county. In frantic effort to sustain her failing prestige Uniontown projected a rival paper and the 78 *Northern Californian* was spoken into being. My father was a half owner, and I coveted the humble position of printer's devil. One journeyman could set the type, and on Wednesday and Saturday, respectively, run off on a hand-press the outside and the inside of the paper, but a boy or a low-priced man was needed to roll the forms and likewise to distribute the type. I looked upon it as the first rung on the ladder of journalism, and I was about to put my foot thereon when the pathetic figure of Bret Harte presented itself applying for the job, causing me to put my foot on my hopes instead. He seemed to want it and need it so much more than I did that I turned my hand to other pursuits, while he mounted the ladder with cheerful alacrity and skipped up several rungs, very promptly learning to set type and becoming a very acceptable assistant editor.

In a community where popular heroes are apt to be loud and aggressive, the quiet man who thinks more than he talks is adjudged effeminate. Harte was always modest, and boasting was foreign to his nature; so he was thought devoid of spirit and strength. But occasion brought out the unsuspected. There had been a long and trying Indian war in and around Humboldt. The feeling against the red men was very bitter. It culminated in a wanton and cowardly attack on a tribe of peaceful Indians encamped on an island opposite Eureka, and men, women, and children 79 were ruthlessly killed. Harte was temporarily in charge of the paper and he denounced the outrage in unmeasured terms. The better part of the community sustained him, but a violent minority resented his strictures and he was seriously threatened and in no little danger. Happily he escaped, but the incident resulted in his return to San Francisco. The massacre occurred on February 5, 1860, which fixes the approximate time of Harte's becoming identified with San Francisco.

His experience was of great advantage to him in that he had learned to do something for which there was a demand. He could not earn much as a compositor, but his wants were simple and he could earn something. He soon secured a place on the *Golden Era*, and it became the doorway to his career. He was soon transferred to the editorial department and contributed freely.

For four years he continued on the *Golden Era*. These were years of growth and increasing accomplishment. He did good work and made good friends. Among those whose interest he awakened were Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont and Thomas Starr King. Both befriended and encouraged him. In the critical days when California hung in the balance between the North and the South, and Starr King, by his eloquence, fervor, and magnetism, seemed to turn the scale, Bret Harte did his part in support of the friend he loved. Lincoln had called for a hundred thousand volunteers, and at a mass meeting Harte contributed a noble poem, "The Reveille," which thrillingly read by Starr King brought the mighty audience to its feet with cheers for the Union. He wrote many virile patriotic poems at this period.

In March, 1864, Starr King, of the glowing heart and golden tongue, preacher, patriot, and hero, fell at his post, and San Francisco mourned him and honored him as seldom falls to the lot of man. At his funeral the Federal authorities ordered the firing of a salute from the forts in the harbor, an honor, so far as I know, never before accorded a private citizen.

Bret Harte wrote a poem of rare beauty in expression of his profound grief and his heartfelt appreciation:

RELIEVING GUARD. Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho! How passed the night through thy long waking?" "Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit The hour before the dawn is breaking." "No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save The plover from the marshes calling, And in yon western sky, about An hour ago, a star was falling." "A star? There's nothing strange in that." "No, nothing; but, above the thicket, Somehow it seemed to me that God Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

This is not only good poetry; it reveals deep and fine feeling.

Through Starr King's interest, his parishioner Robert B. Swain, Superintendent of the Mint, had early in 1864 appointed Harte as his

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

81 private secretary, at a salary of two hundred dollars a month, with duties that allowed considerable leisure. This was especially convenient, as a year or so before he had married, and additional income was indispensable.

In May, 1864, Harte left the *Golden Era*, joining Charles Henry Webb and others in a new literary venture, the *Californian*. It was a brilliant weekly. Among the contributors were Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Prentice Mulford. Harte continued his delightful "Condensed Novels" and contributed poems, stories, sketches, and book reviews. "The Society on the Stanislaus," "John Brown of Gettysburg," and "The Pliocene Skull" belong to this period.

In the "Condensed Novels" Harte surpassed all parodists. With clever burlesque, there was both appreciation and subtle criticism. As Chesterton says, "Bret Harte's humor was sympathetic and analytical. The wild, sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must in the nature of things be deficient in two qualities—reverence and sympathy—and these two qualities were knit into the closest texture of Bret Harte's humor."

At this time Harte lived a quiet domestic life. He wrote steadily. He loved to write, but he was also obliged to. Literature is not an overgenerous paymaster, and with a growing family expenses tend to increase in a larger ratio than income.

82

Harte's sketches based on early experiences are interesting and amusing. His life in Oakland was in many ways pleasant, but he evidently retained some memories that made him enjoy indulging in a sly dig many years after. He gives the pretended result of scientific investigation made in the far-off future as to the great earthquake that totally engulfed San Francisco. The escape of Oakland seemed

inexplicable, but a celebrated German geologist ventured to explain the phenomenon by suggesting that “there are some things that the earth cannot swallow.”

My last recollection of Harte, of a purely personal nature, was of an occurrence in 1866, when he was dramatic critic of the *Morning Call* at the time I was doing a little reporting on the same paper. It happened that a benefit was arranged for some charity. “Nan, the Good-for-Nothing,” was to be given by a number of amateurs. The *Nan* asked me to play *Tom*, and I had insufficient firmness to decline. After the play, when my face was reasonably clean, I dropped into the *Call* office, yearning for a word of commendation from Harte. I thought he knew that I had taken the part, but he would not give me the satisfaction of referring to it. Finally I mentioned, casually like, that I was *Tom*, whereat he feigned surprise, and remarked in his pleasant voice, “Was that you? I thought they had sent to some theater and hired a supe.”

83

In July, 1868, A. Roman & Co. launched the *Overland Monthly*, with Harte as editor. He took up the work with eager interest. He named the child, planned its every feature, and chose his contributors. It was a handsome publication, modeled, in a way, on the *Atlantic Monthly*, but with a flavor and a character all its own. The first number was attractive and readable, with articles of varied interest by Mark Twain, Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, William C. Bartlett, T. H. Rearden, Ina Coolbrith, and others—a brilliant galaxy for any period. Harte contributed “San Francisco from the Sea.”

Mark Twain, long after, alluding to this period in his life, pays this characteristic acknowledgment: “Bret Harte trimmed and trained and schooled me patiently until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesqueness to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found favor in the eyes of even some of the decentest people in the land.”

The first issue of the *Overland* was well received, but the second sounded a note heard round the world. The editor contributed a story—“The Luck of Roaring Camp”—that was hailed as a new venture in literature. It was so revolutionary that it shocked an estimable proofreader, and

she sounded the alarm. The publishers were timid, but the gentle editor was firm. When it was found that it must go in or he would go out, it went—and he stayed. 84 When the conservative and dignified *Atlantic* wrote to the author soliciting something like it, the publishers were reassured.

Harte had struck ore. Up to this time he had been prospecting. He had early found color and followed promising stringers. He had opened some fair pockets, but with the explosion of this blast he had laid bare the true vein, and the ore assayed well. It was high grade, and the fissure was broad.

“The Luck of Roaring Camp” was the first of a series of stories depicting the picturesque life of the early days which made California known the world over and gave it a romantic interest enjoyed by no other community. They were fresh and virile, original in treatment, with real men and women using a new vocabulary, with humor and pathos delightfully blended. They moved on a stage beautifully set, with a background of heroic grandeur. No wonder that California and Bret Harte became familiar household words. When one reflects on the fact that the exposure to the life depicted had occurred more than ten years before, from very brief experience, the wonder is incomprehensibly great. Nothing less than genius can account for such a result. “Tennessee's Partner,” “M'liss,” “The Outcasts of Poker Flat,” and dozens more of these stories that became classics followed. The supply seemed exhaustless, and fresh welcome awaited every one.

85

It was in September, 1870, that Harte in the make-up of the *Overland* found an awkward space too much for an ordinary poem. An associate suggested that he write something to fit the gap; but Harte was not given to dashing off to order, nor to writing a given number of inches of poetry. He was not a literary mechanic, nor could he command his moods. However, he handed his friend a bundle of manuscript to see if there was anything that he thought would do, and very soon a neat draft was found bearing the title “On the Sinfulness of Ah Sin as Reported by Truthful James.” It was read with avidity and pronounced “the very thing.” Harte demurred. He didn't think very well of it. He was generally modest about his work and never quite satisfied. But he finally accepted the judgment

of his friend and consented to run it. He changed the title to “Later Words from Truthful Jame,” but when the proof came substituted “Plain Language from Truthful James.”

He made a number of other changes, as was his wont, for he was always painstaking and given to critical polishing. In some instances he changed an entire line or a phrase of two lines. The copy read: “Till at last he led off the right bower, That Nye had just hid on his knee.”

As changed on the proof it read: “Till at last he put down a right bower, Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.”

86

It was a happy second thought that suggested the most quoted line in this famous poem. The fifth line of the seventh verse originally read: “Or is civilization a failure?”

On the margin of the proof-sheet he substituted the ringing line: “We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,”

—an immense improvement—the verse reading: “Then I looked up at Nye, And he gazed unto me, And he rose with a sigh, And said, ‘Can this be? We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!’ And he went for that heathen Chinese.”

The corrected proof, one of the treasures of the University of California, with which Harte was for a time nominally connected, bears convincing testimony to the painstaking methods by which he sought the highest degree of literary perfection. This poem was not intended as a serious addition to contemporary verse. Harte disclaimed any purpose whatever; but there seems just a touch of political satire. “The Chinese must go” was becoming the popular political slogan, and he always enjoyed rowing against the tide. The poem greatly extended his name and fame. It was reprinted in *Punch*, it was liberally quoted on the floors of Congress, and it “caught on” everywhere. Perhaps it is today the one thing by which Harte is best known.

One of the most amusing typographical errors on record occurred in the printing of 87 this poem. In explanation of the manner of the duplicity of *Ah Sin, Truthful James* was made to say: "In his sleeves, which were long, He had twenty-one packs:

and that was the accepted reading for many years, in spite of the physical impossibility of concealing six hundred and ninety-three cards and one arm in even a Chinaman's sleeve. The game they played was euchre, where bowers are supreme, and what Harte wrote was "jacks," not "packs." Probably the same pious proofreader who was shocked at the "Luck" did not know the game, and, as the rhyme was perfect, let it slip. Later editions corrected the error, though it is still often seen.

Harte gave nearly three years to the *Overland*. His success had naturally brought him flattering offers, and the temptation to realize on his reputation seems to have been more than he could withstand. The *Overland* had become a valuable property, eventually passing into control of another publisher. The new owners were unable or unwilling to pay what he thought he must earn, and somewhat reluctantly he resigned the editorship and left the state of his adoption.

Harte, with his family, left San Francisco in February, 1871. They went first to Chicago, where he confidently expected to be editor of a magazine to be called the *Lakeside Monthly*. 88 He was invited to a dinner given by the projectors of the enterprise, at which a large-sized check was said to have been concealed beneath his plate; but for some unexplained reason he failed to attend the dinner and the magazine was given up. Those who know the facts acquit him of all blame in the matter; but, in any event, his hopes were dashed, and he proceeded to the East disappointed and unsettled.

Soon after arriving at New York he visited Boston, dining with the Saturday Club and visiting Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic*, at Cambridge. He spent a pleasant week, meeting Lowell, Longfellow, and Emerson. Mrs. Aldrich, in "Crowding Memories," gives a vivid picture of his charm and high spirits at this meeting of friends and celebrities. The Boston atmosphere as a whole was not altogether delightful. He seemed constrained, but he did a fine stroke of business. James R. Osgood & Co. offered him ten thousand dollars for whatever he might write in a year,

and he accepted the handsome retainer. It did not stimulate him to remarkable output. He wrote four stories, including "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," and five poems, including "Concepcion de Arguello." The offer was not renewed the following year.

For seven years New York City was generally his winter home. Some of his summers were spent in Newport, and some in New Jersey. In the former he wrote "A 89 Newport Romance" and in the latter "Thankful Blossom." One summer he spent at Cohasset, where he met Lawrence Barrett and Stuart Robson, writing "Two Men of Sandy Bar," produced in 1876. "Sue," his most successful play, was produced in New York and in London in 1896.

To earn money sorely needed he took the distasteful lecture field. His two subjects were "The Argonauts" and "American Humor." His letters to his wife at this time tell the pathetic tale of a sensitive, troubled soul struggling to earn money to pay debts. He writes with brave humor, but the work was uncongenial and the returns disappointing.

From Ottawa he writes: "Do not let this worry you, but kiss the children for me, and hope for the best. I should send you some money, but there *isn't any to send*, and maybe I shall only bring back myself." The next day he added a postscript: "Dear Nan—I did not send this yesterday, waiting to find the results of last night's lecture. It was a fair house, and this morning—paid me \$150, of which I send you the greater part."

A few days later he wrote from Lawrence, the morning after an unexpectedly good audience: "I made a hundred dollars by the lecture, and it is yours for yourself, Nan, to buy minxes with, if you want to."

From Washington he writes: "Thank you, dear Nan, for your kind, hopeful letter. I 90 have been very sick, very much disappointed; but I am better now and am only waiting for money to return. Can you wonder that I have kept this from you? You have so hard a time of it there, that I cannot bear to have you worried if there is the least hope of a change in my affairs. God bless you and keep you and the children safe, for the sake of Frank."

No one can read these letters without feeling that they mirror the real man, refined of feeling, kindly and humorous, but not strong of courage, oppressed by obligations, and burdened by doubts of how he was to care for those he loved. With all his talent he could not command independence, and the lot of the man who earns less than it costs to live is hard to bear.

Harte had the faculty of making friends, even if by neglect he sometimes lost them, and they came to his rescue in this trying time. Charles A. Dana and others secured for him an appointment by President Hayes as Commercial Agent at Crefeld, Prussia. In June, 1878, he sailed for England, leaving his family at Sea Cliff, Long Island, little supposing that he would never see them or America again.

On the day he reached Crefeld he wrote his wife in a homesick and almost despondent strain: "I am to all appearance utterly friendless; I have not received the first act of kindness or courtesy from anyone. I think things must be better soon. I shall, please God, make 91 some good friends in good time, and will try and be patient. But I shall not think of sending for you until I see clearly that I can stay myself. If worst comes to worst I shall try to stand it for a year, and save enough to come home and begin anew there. But I could not stand it to see you break your heart here through disappointment as I mayhap may do."

Here is the artistic, impressionable temperament, easily disheartened, with little self reliant courage or grit. But he seems to have felt a little ashamed of his plaint, for at midnight of the same day he wrote a second letter, half apologetic and much more hopeful, just because one or two people had been a little kind and he had been taken out to a *fest*.

Soon after, he wrote a letter to his younger son, then a small boy. It told of a pleasant drive to the Rhine, a few miles away. He concludes: "It was all very wonderful, but Papa thought after all he was glad his boys live in a country that is as yet *pure* and *sweet* and *good* —not in one where every field seems to cry out with the remembrance of bloodshed and wrong, and where so many people have lived and suffered that tonight, under this clear moon, their very ghosts seemed to throng the road and dispute our right of way. Be thankful, my dear boy, that you are an American. Papa was

never so fond of his country before as in this land that has been so great, powerful, and so very hard and wicked.”

92

In May, 1880, he was made Consul at Glasgow, a position that he filled for five years. During this period he spent a considerable part of his time in London and in visiting at country homes. He lectured and wrote and made many friends, among the most valued of whom were William Black and Walter Besant.

A new administration came in with 1885 and Harte was superseded. He went to London and settled down to a simple and regular life. For ten years he lived with the Van de Veldes, friends of long standing. He wrote with regularity and published several volumes of stories and sketches. In 1885 Harte visited Switzerland. Of the Alps he wrote: “In spite of their pictorial composition I wouldn't give a mile of the dear old Sierras, with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for a hundred thousand kilometers of the picturesque Vaud.”

Of Geneva he wrote: “I thought I should not like it, fancying it a kind of continental Boston, and that the shadow of John Calvin and the old reformers, or still worse the sentimental idiocy of Rousseau and the De Staels, still lingered.” But he did like it, and wrote brilliantly of Lake Leman and Mont Blanc.

Returning to his home in Aldershot he resumed work, giving some time to a libretto for a musical comedy, but his health was failing and he accomplished little. A surgical operation for cancer of the throat in March, 1902, 93 afforded a little relief, but he worked with difficulty. On April 17th he began a new story, “A Friend of Colonel Starbottle.” He wrote one sentence and began another; but the second sentence was his last work, though a few letters to friends bear a later date. On May 5th, sitting at his desk, there came a hemorrhage of the throat, followed later in the day by a second, which left him unconscious. Before the end of the day he peacefully breathed his last.

Pathetic and inexplicable were the closing days of this gifted man. An exile from his native land, unattended by family or kin, sustaining his lonely life by wringing the dregs of memory,

and clasping in farewell the hands of a fancied friend of his dear old reprobate Colonel, he, like Kentuck, “drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.”

In his more than forty years of authorship he was both industrious and prolific. In the nineteen volumes of his published work there must be more than two hundred titles of stories and sketches, and many of them are little known. Some of them are disappointing in comparison with his earlier and perhaps best work, but many of them are charming and all are in his delightful style, with its undertone of humor that becomes dominant at unexpected intervals. His literary form was distinctive, with a manner not derived from the schools or copied from any of his predecessors, but 94 developed from his own personality. He seems to have founded a modern school, with a lightness of touch and a felicity of expression unparalleled. He was vividly imaginative, and also had the faculty of giving dramatic form and consistency to an incident or story told by another. He was a story-teller, equally dextrous in prose or verse. His taste was unerring and he sought for perfect form. His atmosphere was breezy and healthful—out of doors with the fragrance of the pine-clad Sierras. He was never morbid and introspective. His characters are virile and natural men and women who act from simple motives, who live and love, or hate and fight, without regard to problems and with small concern for conventionalities. Harte had sentiment, but was realistic and fearless. He felt under no obligation to make all gamblers villains or all preachers heroes. He dealt with human nature in the large and he made it real.

His greatest achievement was in faithfully mirroring the life of a new and striking epoch. He seems to have discovered that it was picturesque and to have been almost alone in impressing this fact on the world. He sketched pictures of pioneer life as he saw or imagined it with matchless beauty and compelled the interest and enjoyment of all mankind.

His chief medium was the short story, to which he gave a new vogue. Translated into many tongues, his tales became the source of 95 knowledge to a large part of the people of Europe as to California and the Pacific. He associated the Far West with romance, and we have never fully outlived it.

That he was gifted as a poet no one can deny. Perhaps his most striking use of his power as a versifier was in connection with the romantic Spanish background of California history. Such work as “Concepcion de Arguello” is well worth while. In his “Spanish Idylls and Legends” he catches the fine spirit of the period and connects California with a past of charm and beauty. His patriotic verse has both strength and loveliness and reflects a depth of feeling that his lighter work does not lead us to expect. In his dialect verse he revels in fun and shows himself a genuine and cleanly humorist.

If we search for the source of his great power we may not expect to find it; yet we may decide that among his endowments his extraordinary power of absorption contributes very largely. His early reference to “eager absorption” and “photographic sensitiveness” are singularly significant expressions. Experience teaches the plodder, but the man of genius, supremely typified by Shakespeare, needs not to acquire knowledge slowly and painfully. Sympathy, imagination, and insight reveal truth, and as a plate, sensitized, holds indefinitely the records of the exposure, so Harte, forty years after in London, holds in 96 consciousness the impressions of the days he spent in Tuolumne County. It is a great gift, a manifestation of genius. He had a fine background of inheritance and a lifetime of good training.

Bret Harte was also gifted with an agreeable personality. He was even-tempered and good-natured. He was an ideal guest and enjoyed his friends. Whatever his shortcomings and whatever his personal responsibility for them, he deserves to be treated with the consideration and generosity he extended to others. He was never censorious, and instances of his magnanimity are many. Severity of judgment is a custom that few of us can afford, and to be generous is never a mistake. Harte was extremely sensitive, and he deplored controversy. He was quite capable of suffering in silence if defense of self might reflect on others. His deficiencies were trivial but damaging, and their heavy retribution he bore with dignity, retaining the respect of those who knew him.

As to what he was, as man and author, he is entitled to be judged by a jury of his peers. I could quote at length from a long list of associates of high repute, but they all concur fully with the

comprehensive judgment of Ina Coolbrith, who knew him intimately. She says, "I can only speak of him in terms of unqualified praise as author, friend, and man."

In the general introduction that Harte wrote for the first volume of his collected stories he refers to the charge that he "confused 97 recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness and often criminality with a single solitary virtue" as "the cant of too much mercy." He then adds: "Without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, he shall reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by a great poet who created the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, whose works have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will remain when the present writer and his generations are forgotten. And he is conscious of uttering no original doctrine in this, but only of voicing the beliefs of a few of his literary brethren happily living, and one gloriously dead,* who never made proclamation of this from the housetops."

Evidently Dickens.

Bret Harte had a very unusual combination of sympathetic insight, emotional feeling, and keen sense of the dramatic. In the expression of the result of these powers he commanded a literary style individually developed, expressive of a rare personality. He was vividly imaginative, and he had exacting ideals of precision in expression. His taste was unerring. The depth and power of the great soul were not his. He was the artist, not the prophet. He was a delightful painter of the life he saw, an interpreter of the romance of his day, a keen but merciful satirist, a humorist without reproach, a patriot, a critic, and a kindly, modest 98 gentleman. He was versatile, doing many things exceedingly well, and some things supremely well. He discerned the significance of the remarkable social conditions of early days in California and developed a marvelous power of presenting them in vivid and attractive form. His humor is unsurpassed. It is pervasive, like the perfume of the rose, never offending by violence. His style is a constant surprise and a never-ending delight. His spirit is kindly and generous. He finds good in unsuspected places, and he leaves hope for all mankind. He was sensitive, peace-loving, and indignant at wrong, a scorner of pretense, independent in thought, just in judgment. He surmounted many difficulties, bore suffering without complaint, and left with

those who really knew him a pleasant memory. It would seem that he was a greater artist and a better man than is commonly conceded.

In failing to honor him California suffers. He should be cherished as her early interpreter, if not as her spirit's discoverer, and ranked high among those who have contributed to her fame. He is the representative literary figure of the state. In her imaginary Temple of Fame or Hall of Heroes he deserves a prominent, if not the foremost, niche. As the generations move forward he must not be forgotten. Bret Harte at our hands needs not to be idealized, but he does deserve to be justly, gratefully, and fittingly realized.

CHAPTER V

SAN FRANCISCO—THE SIXTIES

WE are familiar with the romantic birth of San Francisco and its precocious childhood; we are well acquainted with its picturesque background of Spanish history and the glorious days of '49; but I doubt if we are as well informed as to the significant and perhaps equally important second decade.

It was my fortune to catch a hurried glance of San Francisco in 1855, when the population was about forty-five thousand. I was then on the way from New England to my father's home in Humboldt County. I next saw it in 1861 while on my way to and from attendance at the State Fair. In 1864 I took up my residence in the city and it has since been continuous.

That the almost neglected sixties may have some setting, let me briefly trace the beginnings. Things moved slowly when America was discovered. Columbus found the mainland in 1503. Ten years later Balboa reached the Pacific, and, wading into the ocean, modestly claimed for his sovereign all that bordered its shores. 100 Thirty years thereafter the point farthest west was named Mendocino, for Mendoza, the viceroy ordering the expedition of Cabrillo and Ferrelos. Thirty-seven years later came Drake, and almost found San Francisco Bay. But all these discoveries led to no occupation. It seems incredible that two hundred and twenty-six years elapsed from Cabrillo's visit to the day the first settlers landed in San Diego, founding the first of the famous missions. Historically, 1769

is surely marked. In this year Napoleon and Wellington were born and civilized California was founded.

San Francisco Bay was discovered by a land party. It was August 6, 1775, seven weeks after the battle of Bunker Hill, that Ayala cautiously found his way into the bay and anchored the “San Carlos” off Sausalito. Five days before the Declaration of Independence was signed Moraga and his men, the first colonists, arrived in San Francisco and began getting out the timber to build the fort at the Presidio and the church at Mission Dolores.

Vancouver, in 1792, poking into an unknown harbor, found a good landing-place at a cove around the first point he rounded at his right. The Spaniards called it Yerba Buena, after the fragrant running vine that abounded in the lee of the sandhills which filled the present site of Market Street, especially at a point now occupied by the building of the Mechanics-Mercantile Library. There was no human habitation in 101 sight, nor was there to be for forty years, but friendly welcome came on the trails that led to the Presidio and the Mission.

An occasional whaler or a trader in hides and tallow came and went, but foreigners were not encouraged to settle. It was in 1814 that the first “Gringo” came. In 1820 there were thirteen in all California, three of whom were Americans. In 1835 William A. Richardson was the first foreign resident of Yerba Buena. He was allowed to lay out a street and build a structure of boards and ship's sails in the Calle de Fundacion, which generally followed the lines of the present Grant Avenue. The spot approximates number 811 of the avenue today. When Dana came in 1835 it was the only house visible. The following year Jacob P. Leese built a complete house, and it was dedicated by a celebration and ball on the Fourth of July in which the whole community participated.

The settlement grew slowly. In 1840 there were sixteen foreigners. In 1844 there were a dozen houses and fifty people. In 1845 there were but five thousand people in all the state. The missions had been disbanded and the Presidio was manned by one gray-haired soldier. The Mexican War brought renewed life. On July 9, 1846, Commodore Sloat sent Captain Montgomery with the frigate

“Portsmouth,” and the American flag was raised on the staff in the plaza of 1835, since called Portsmouth Square. Thus began the era of American occupation. Lieutenant Bartlett was made alcalde, with large powers, in pursuance of which, on February 27, 1847, he issued a simple order that the town thereafter be known as San Francisco,—and its history as such began.

The next year gold was discovered. A sleepy, romantic, shiftless but picturesque community became wide-awake, energetic, and aggressive. San Francisco leaped into prominence. Every nation on earth sent its most ambitious and enterprising as well as its most restless and irresponsible citizens. In the last nine months of 1849, seven hundred shiploads were landed in a houseless town. They largely left for the mines, but more remained than could be housed. They lived on and around hulks run ashore and thousands found shelter in Happy Valley tents. A population of two thousand at the beginning of the year was twenty thousand at the end. It was a gold-crazed community. Everything consumed was imported. Gold dust was the only export.

From 1849 to 1860, gold amounting to over six hundred million dollars was produced. The maximum—eighty-one millions—was reached in 1852. The following year showed a decline of fourteen millions, and 1855 saw a further decline of twelve millions. Alarm was felt. At the same ratio of decline, in less than four years production would cease. It was plainly evident, if the state were to exist and grow, that other resources must be developed.

103

In the first decade there were periods of great depression. Bank and commercial failures were very frequent occurrences in 1854. The state was virtually only six years old—but what wonderful years they had been! In the splendor of achievement and the glamour of the golden fleece we lose sight of the fact that the community was so small. In the whole state there were not more than 350,000 people, of whom a seventh lived in San Francisco. There were indications that the tide of immigration had reached its height. In 1854 arrivals had exceeded departures by twenty-four thousand. In 1855 the excess dropped to six thousand.

My first view of San Francisco left a vivid impression of a city in every way different from any I had ever seen. The streets were planked, the buildings were heterogeneous—some of brick or stone, others little more than shacks. Portsmouth Square was the general center of interest, facing the City Hall and the Post Office. Clay Street Hill was higher then than now. I know it because I climbed to its top to call on a boy who came on the steamer and lived there. There was but little settlement to the west of the summit.

The leading hotel was the International, lately opened, on Jackson Street below Montgomery. It was considered central in location, being convenient to the steamer landings, the Custom House, and the wholesale trade. 104 Probably but one building of that period has survived. At the corner of Montgomery and California streets stood Parrott's granite block, the stone for which was cut in China and assembled in 1852 by Chinese workmen imported for the purpose. It harbored the bank of Page, Bacon & Co., and has been continuously occupied, surviving an explosion of nitroglycerine in 1866 (when Wells, Fargo & Co. were its tenants) as well as the fire of 1906. Wilson's Exchange was in Sansome Street near Sacramento. The American Theater was opposite. Where the Bank of California stands there was a seed store. On the northeast corner of California and Sansome streets was Bradshaw's zinc grocery store.

The growth of the city southward had already begun. The effort to develop North Beach commercially had failed. Meiggs' Wharf was little used; the Cobweb Saloon, near its shore end, was symbolic. Telegraph Hill and its semaphore and time-ball were features of business life. It was well worth climbing for the view, which Bayard Taylor pronounced the finest in the world.

At this time San Francisco monopolized the commerce of the coast. Everything that entered California came through the Golden Gate, and it nearly all went up the Sacramento River. It was distinctly the age of gold. Other resources were not considered. This all seemed a very insecure basis for a permanent state. 105 That social and political conditions were threatening may be inferred when we recall that 1856 brought the Vigilance Committee. In 1857 came the Fraser

River stampede. Twenty-three thousand people are said to have left the city, and real-estate values suffered severely.

In 1860 the Pony Express was established, bringing “the States,” as the East was generally designated, considerably nearer. It took but ten and a half days to St. Louis, and thirteen to New York, with postage five dollars an ounce. Steamers left on the first and fifteenth of the month, and the twenty-eighth and fourteenth were religiously observed as days for collection. No solvent man of honor failed to settle his account on “steamer day.”

The election of Lincoln, followed by the threat of war, was disquieting, and the large southern element was out of sympathy with anything like coercion. But patriotism triumphed. Early in 1861 a mass meeting was held at the corner of Montgomery and Market streets, and San Francisco pledged her loyalty.

In November, 1861, I attended the State Fair at Sacramento as correspondent for the *Humboldt Times*. About the only impression of San Francisco on my arrival was the disgust I felt for the proprietor of the hotel at which I stopped, when, in reply to my eager inquiry for war news, he was only able to say that he believed there had been some fighting somewhere in Virginia. This to one starving for information after a week's abstinence was tantalizing.

After a week of absorbing interest, in a fair that seemed enormously important and impressive, I timed my return so as to spend Sunday in San Francisco, and it was made memorable by attending, morning and evening, the Unitarian church, then in Stockton near Sacramento, and hearing Starr King. He had come from Boston the year before, proposing to fill the pulpit for a year, and from the first aroused great enthusiasm. I found the church crowded and was naturally consigned to a back seat, which I shared with a sewing-machine, for it was war-time and the women were very active in relief work.

The gifted preacher was thirty-seven years old, but seemed younger. He was of medium height, had a kindly face with a generous mouth, a full forehead, and dark, glowing eyes.

In June, 1864, I became a resident of San Francisco, rejoining the family and becoming a clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The city was about one-fifth its present size, claiming a population of 110,000.

I want to give an idea of San Francisco's character and life at that time, and of general conditions in the second decade. It is not easy to do, and demands the reader's help and sympathy. Let him imagine, if he will, that he is visiting San Francisco for the first time, 107 and that he is a personal friend of the writer, who takes a day off to show him the city. In 1864 one could arrive here only by steamer; there were no railways. I meet my friend at the gangplank of the steamer on the wharf at the foot of Broadway. To reach the car on East Street (now the Embarcadero), we very likely skirt gaping holes in the planked wharf, exposing the dark water lapping the supporting piles, and are assailed by bilge-like odors that escape. Two dejected horses await us. Entering the car we find two lengthwise seats upholstered in red plush. If it be winter, the floor is liberally covered by straw, to mitigate the mud. If it be summer, the trade winds are liberally charged with fine sand and infinitesimal splinters from the planks which are utilized for both streets and sidewalks. We rattle along East and intersecting streets until we reach Sansome, upon which we proceed to Bush, which practically bounds the business district on the south, thence we meander by a circuitous route to Laurel Hill Cemetery near Lone Mountain. A guide is almost necessary. An incoming stranger once asked the conductor to let him off at the American Exchange, which the car passed. He was surprised at the distance to his destination. At the cemetery end of the line he discovered that the conductor had forgotten him, but was assured that he would stop at the hotel on the way back. The next thing he knew he reached the wharf; the 108 conductor had again forgotten him. His confidence exhausted, he insisted on walking, following the track until he reached the hotel.

In the present instance we alight from the car when it reaches Montgomery Street, at the Occidental Hotel, new and attractive, well managed by a New Yorker named Leland and especially patronized by army people. We rest briefly and start out for a preliminary survey. Three blocks to the south we reach Market Street and gaze upon the outer edge of the bustling city. Across the magnificently wide but rude and unfinished street, at the immediate right, where the Palace Hotel is to stand,

we see St. Patrick's Church and an Orphan Asylum. A little beyond, at the corner of Third Street, is a huge hill of sand covering the present site of the Claus Spreckels Building, upon which a steam-paddy is at work loading flat steam cars that run Mission-ward. The lot now occupied by the Emporium is the site of a large Catholic school. At our left, stretching to the bay are coal-yards, foundries, planing-mills, box-factories, and the like. It will be years before business crosses Market Street. Happy Valley and Pleasant Valley, beyond, are well covered by inexpensive residences. The North Beach and South Park car line connects the fine residence district on and around Rincon Hill with the fine stretches of northern Stockton Street and the environs of Telegraph Hill. At the time I picture, no 109 streetcars ran below Montgomery, on Market Street; traffic did not warrant it. It was a boundary rather than a thoroughfare. It was destined to be one of the world's noted streets, but at this time the city's life pulsed through Montgomery Street, to which we will now return.

Turning from the apparent jumping-off place we cross to the “dollar side” and join the promenaders who pass in review or pause to gaze at the shop windows. Montgomery Street has been pre-eminent since the early days and is now at its height. For a long time Clay Street harbored the leading dry-goods stores, like the City of Paris, but all are struggling for place in Montgomery. Here every business is represented—Beach, Roman, and Bancroft, the leading booksellers; Barrett & Sherwood, Tucker, and Andrews, jewelers; Donohoe, Kelly & Co., John Sime, and Hickox & Spear, bankers; and numerous dealers in carpets, furniture, hats, French shoes, optical goods, etc. Of course Barry & Patten's was not the only saloon. Passing along we are almost sure to see some of the characters of the day—certainly Emperor Norton and Freddie Coombs (a reincarnated Franklin), probably Colonel Stevenson, with his Punch-like countenance, towering Isaac Friedlander, the poor rich Michael Reese, handsome Hall McAllister, and aristocratic Ogden Hoffman. Should the fire-bell ring we will see Knickerbocker No. Five in action, with Chief Scannell and “Bummer” 110 and “Lazarus,” and perhaps Lillie Hitchcock. When we reach Washington Street we cross to make a call at the Bank Exchange in the Montgomery Block, the largest structure on the street. The “Exchange” is merely a popular saloon, but it boasts ten billiard tables and back of the bar hangs the famous picture of “Samson and Delilah.”

Luncheon being in order we are embarrassed with riches. Perhaps the Mint restaurant is as good as the best and probably gives a sight of more prominent politicians than any other resort; but something quite characteristic is the daily gathering at Jury's, a humble hole-in-the-wall in Merchant Street back of the *Bulletin* office.

Four lawyers who like one another, and like good living as well, have a special table. Alexander Campbell, Milton Andros, George Sharp, and Judge Dwinelle will stop first in the Clay Street Market, conveniently opposite, and select the duck, fish, or English mutton-chops for the day's menu. One of the number bears the choice to the kitchen and superintends its preparation while the others engage in shrimps and table-talk until it is served. If Jury's is overflowing with custom, there are two other French restaurants alongside.

After luncheon we have a glimpse of the business district, following back on the "two-bit" side of the street. At Clay we pass a saloon with a cigar-stand in front and find a group listening to a man with bushy hair and a reddish mustache, who in an easy attitude and in a quaintly drawling voice is telling a story. We await the laugh and pass on, and I say that he is a reporter, lately from Nevada, called Mark Twain. Very likely we encounter at Commercial Street, on his way to the *Call* office, a well-dressed young man with Dundreary whiskers and an aquiline nose. He nods to me and I introduce Bret Harte, secretary to the Superintendent of the Mint, and author of the clever "Condensed Novels" being printed in the *Californian*. At California Street we turn east, passing the shipping offices and hardware houses, and coming to Battery Street, where Israelites wax fat in wholesale dry goods and the clothing business. For solid big business in groceries, liquors, and provisions we must keep on to Front Street—Front by name only, for four streets on filled-in land have crept in front of Front. Following this very important street past the shipping offices we reach Washington Street, passing up which we come to Battery Street, where we pause to glance at the Custom House and Post Office at the right and the recently established Bank of California on the southwest corner of the two streets.

Having fairly surveyed the legitimate business we wish to see something of the engrossing avocation of most of the people of the city, of any business or no business, and we pass on to

Montgomery, crossing over to the center 112 of the stock exchange activities. Groups of men and women are watching the tapes in the brokers' offices, messengers are running in and out the board entrances, intense excitement is everywhere apparent. Having gained admission to the gallery of the board room we look down on the frantic mob, buying and selling Comstock shares. How much is really sold and how much is washing no one knows, but enormous transactions, big with fate, are of everyday occurrence. As we pass out we notice a man with strong face whose shoes show dire need of patching. Asked his name, I answer, "Jim Keane; just now he is down, but some day he is bound to be way up."

We saunter up Clay, passing Burr's Savings Bank and a few remaining stores, to Kearny, and Portsmouth Square, whose glory is departing. The City Hall faces it, and so does Exempt Engine House, but dentists' offices and cheap theaters and Chinese stores are crowding in. Clay Street holds good boarding-houses, but decay is manifest. We pass on to Stockton, still a favorite residence street; turning south we pass, near Sacramento, the church in which Starr King first preached, now proudly owned by the negro Methodists. At Post we reach Union Square, nearly covered by the wooden pavilion in which the Mechanics' Institute holds its fairs. Diagonally opposite the southeast corner of the desecrated park are the buildings of the ambitious City College, and 113 east of them a beautiful church edifice always spoken of as "Starr King's Church."

Very likely, seeing the church, I might be reminded of one of Mr. King's most valued friends, and suggest that we call upon him at the Golden Gate Flour-mill in Pine Street, where the California Market was to stand. If we met Horace Davis, I should feel that I had presented one of our best citizens.

Dinner presents many opportunities; but I am inclined to think we shall settle on Frank Garcia's restaurant in Montgomery near Jackson, where good service awaits us, and we may hear the upraised voices of some of the big lawyers who frequent the place. For the evening we have the choice between several bands of minstrels, but if Forrest and John McCullough are billed for "Jack Cade" we shall probably call on Tom Maguire. After the strenuous play we pass up Washington Street to Peter Job's and indulge in his incomparable ice-cream.

On Sunday I shall continue my guidance. Churches are plentiful and preachers are good. In the afternoon I think I may venture to invite my friend to The Willows, a public garden between Mission and Valencia and Seventeenth and Nineteenth streets. We shall hear excellent music in the open air and can sit at a small table and sip good beer. I find such indulgence far less wicked than I had been led to believe.

114

When there is something distinctive in a community a visitor is supposed to take it in, and in the evening we attend the meeting of the Dashaway Association in its own hall in Post Street near Dupont. It numbers five thousand members and meets Sunday mornings and evenings. Strict temperance is a live issue at this time. The Sons of Temperance maintain four divisions. There are besides two lodges of Good Templars and a San Francisco Temperance Union. And in spite of all this the city feels called upon to support a Home for Inebriates at Stockton and Chestnut streets, to which the supervisors contribute two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

I shall feel that I am derelict if I do not manage a jaunt to the Cliff House. The most desirable method demands a span of horses for a spin out Point Lobos Avenue. We may, however, be obliged to take a McGinn bus that leaves the Plaza hourly. It will be all the same when we reach the Cliff and gaze on Ben Butler and his companion sea-lions as they disport themselves in the ocean or climb the rocks. Wind or fog may greet us, but the indifferent monsters roar, fight, and play, while the restless waves roll in. We must, also, make a special trip to Rincon Hill and South Park to see how and where our magnates dwell. The 600 block in Folsom Street must not be neglected. The residences of such men as John Parrott and Milton S. Latham are almost 115 Palatial. It is related that a visitor impressed with the elegance of one of these places asked a modest man in the neighborhood if he knew whose it was. "Yes," he replied, "it belongs to an old fool by the name of John Parrott, and I am he."

We shall leave out something distinctive if we do not call at the What Cheer House in Sacramento Street below Montgomery, a hostelry for men, with moderate prices, notwithstanding many unusual privileges. It has a large reading-room and a library of five thousand volumes, besides a very

respectable museum. Guests are supplied with all facilities for blacking their own boots, and are made at home in every way. Incidentally the proprietor made a good fortune, a large part of which he invested in turning his home at Fourteenth and Mission streets into a pleasure resort known as Woodward's Gardens, which for many years was our principal park, art gallery and museum.

These are a few of the things I could have shown. But to know and appreciate the spirit and character of a city one must live in it and be of it; so I beg to be dismissed as a guide and to offer experiences and events that may throw some light on life in the stirring sixties.

When I migrated from Humboldt County and enlisted for life as a San Franciscan I lived with my father's family in a small brick house 116 in Powell Street near Ellis. The Golden West Hotel now covers the lot. The little houses opposite were on a higher level and were surrounded by small gardens. Both street and sidewalks were planked, but I remember that my brother and I, that we might escape the drifting sand, often walked on the flat board that capped the flimsy fence in front of a vacant lot. On the west of Powell, at Market, was St. Ann's Garden and Nursery. On the east, where the Flood Building stands, was a stable and riding-school.

Much had been accomplished in city building, but the process was continuing. Few of us realize the obstacles overcome. Fifteen years before, the site was the rugged end of a narrow peninsula, with high rock hills, wastes of drifting sand, a curving cove of beach, bordered with swamps and estuaries, and here and there a few oases in the form of small valleys. In 1864 the general lines of the city were practically those of today. It was the present San Francisco, laid out but not filled out. There was little west of Larkin Street and quite a gap between the city proper and the Mission.

Size in a city greatly modifies character. In 1864 I found a compact community; whatever was going on seemed to interest all. We now have a multitude of unrelated circles; then there was one great circle including the sympathetic whole. The one theater that offered the legitimate drew and could accommodate all who cared for it. Herold's orchestral concerts, a great singer like Parepa Rosa, or a violinist like Ole Bull drew all the music-lovers of the city. And likewise, in the early springtime when the Unitarian picnic was announced at Belmont or Fairfax, it would be attended by

at least a thousand, and heartily enjoyed by all, regardless of church connection. Such things are no more, though the population to draw from be five times as large.

In the sixties, church congregations and lecture audiences were much larger than they are now. There seemed always to be some one preacher or lecturer who was the vogue, practically monopolizing public interest. His name might be Scudder or Kittredge or Moody, but while he lasted everybody rushed to hear him. And there was commonly some special fad that prevailed. Spiritualism held the boards for quite a time.

Changes in real-estate values were a marked feature of the city's life. The laying out of Broadway was significant of expectations. Banks in the early days were north of Pacific in Montgomery, but very soon the drift to the south began.

In 1862, when the Unitarian church in Stockton street near Sacramento was found too small, it was determined to push well to the front of the city's growth. Two lots were under final consideration, the northwest corner of Geary and Powell, where the St. Francis now 118 stands, and the lot in Geary east of Stockton, now covered by the Whitney Building. The first lot was a corner and well situated, but it was rejected on the ground that it was "too far out." The trustees paid \$16,000 for the other lot and built the fine church that was occupied until 1887, when it was felt to be too far down town, and the present building at Franklin and Geary streets was erected. Incidentally, the lot sold for \$120,000.

The evolution of pavements has been an interesting incident of the city's life. Planks were cheap and they held down some of the sand, but they grew in disfavor. In 1864 the Superintendent of Streets reported that in the previous year 1,365,000 square feet of planks had been laid, and 290,000 square feet had been paved with cobbles, a lineal mile of which cost \$80,000. How much suffering they cost the militia who marched on them is not reported. Nicholson pavement was tried and found wanting. Basalt blocks found brief favor. Finally we reached the modern era and approximate perfection.

Checker-board street planning was a serious misfortune to the city, and it was aggravated by the narrowness of most of the streets. Kearny Street, forty-five and one-half feet wide, and Dupont, forty-four and one-half feet, were absurd. In 1865 steps were taken to add thirty feet to the west side of Kearny. In 1866 the work was done, and it proved a great success. 119 The cost was five hundred and seventy-nine thousand dollars, and the addition to the value of the property was not less than four million dollars. When the work began the front-foot value at the northern end was double that at Market Street. Today the value at Market Street is more than five times that at Broadway.

The first Sunday after my arrival in San Francisco I went to the Unitarian church and heard the wonderfully attractive and satisfying Dr. Bellows, temporary supply. It was the beginning of a church connection that still continues and to which I owe more than I can express.

Dr. Bellows had endeared himself to the community by his warm appreciation of their liberal support of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. The interchange of messages between him in New York and Starr King in San Francisco had been stimulating and effective. When the work was concluded it was found that California had furnished one-fourth of the \$4,800,000 expended. Governor Low headed the San Francisco committee. The Pacific Coast, with a population of half a million, supplied one-third of all the money spent by this forerunner of the Red Cross. The other states of the Union, with a population of about thirty-two million, supplied two-thirds. But California was far away and it was not thought wise to drain the West of its loyal forces, and we ought to have given freely of 120 our money. In all, quite a number found their way to the fighting front. A friend of mine went to the wharf to see Lieutenant Sheridan, late of Oregon, embark for the East and active service. Sheridan was grimly in earnest, and remarked: "I'll come back a captain or I'll not come back at all." When he did come back it was with the rank of lieutenant-general.

While San Francisco was unquestionably loyal, there were not a few Southern sympathizers, and loyalists were prepared for trouble. I soon discovered that a secret Union League was active and vigilant. Weekly meetings for drill were held in the pavilion in Union Square, admission being by password only. I promptly joined. The regimental commander was Martin J. Burke, chief of

police. My company commander was George T. Knox, a prominent notary public. I also joined the militia, choosing the State Guard, Captain Dawes, which drilled weekly in the armory in Market Street opposite Dupont. Fellow members were Horace Davis and his brother George, Charles W. Wendte (now an eastern D. D.), Samuel L. Cutter, Fred Gummer of the Unitarian church, Henry Michaels, and W. W. Henry, father of the present president of Mills College. Our active service was mainly confined to marching over the cruel cobble-stones on the Fourth of July and other show-off occasions, while commonly we indulged in an annual excursion and target practice in the wilds of Alameda.

121

Once we saw real service. When the news of the assassination of Lincoln reached San Francisco the excitement was intense. Newspapers that had slandered him or been lukewarm in his support suffered. The militia was called out in fear of a riot and passed a night in the basement of Platt's Hall. But preparedness was all that was needed. A few days later we took part in a most imposing procession. All the military and most other organizations followed a massive catafalque and a riderless horse through streets heavily draped with black. The line of march was long, arms were reversed, the sorrowing people crowded the way, and solemnity and grief on every hand told how deeply Lincoln was loved.

I had cast my first presidential vote for him, at Turn Verein Hall, Bush Street, November 6, 1864. When the news of his re-election by the voters of every loyal state came to us, we went nearly wild with enthusiasm, but our heartiest rejoicing came with the fall of Richmond. We had a great procession, following the usual route—from Washington Square to Montgomery, to Market, to Third, to South Park, where fair women from crowded balconies waved handkerchiefs and flags to shouting marchers—and back to the place of beginning. Processioning was a great function of those days, observed by the cohorts of St. Patrick and by all political parties. It was a painful process, for the street pavement was simply awful.

122

Sometimes there were trouble and mild assaults. The only recollection I have of striking a man is connected with a torchlight procession celebrating some Union victory. When returning from south of Market, a group of jeering toughs closed in on us and I was lightly hit. I turned and using my oil-filled lamp at the end of a staff as a weapon, hit out at my assailant. The only evidence that the blow was an effective one was the loss of the lamp; borne along by solid ranks of patriots I clung to an unilluminated stick. Party feeling was strong in the sixties and bands and bonfires, plentiful.

At one election the Democrats organized a corps of rangers, who marched with brooms, indicative of the impending clean sweep by which they were to “turn the rascals out.” For each presidential election drill crops were organized, but the Blaine Invincibles didn't exactly prove so.

The Republican party held a long lease of power, however. Governor Low was a very popular executive, while municipally the People's Party, formed in 1856 by adherents of the Vigilance Committee, was still in the saddle, giving good, though not far-sighted and progressive, government. Only those who experienced the abuses under the old methods of conducting elections can realize the value of the provision for the uniform ballot and a quiet ballot box, adopted in 1869. There had been no secrecy or privacy, and peddlers of rival 123 tickets fought for patronage to the box's mouth. One served as an election officer at the risk of sanity if not of life. In the “fighting Seventh” ward I once counted ballots for thirty-six consecutive hours, and as I remember conditions I was the only officer who finished sober.

During my first year in government employ the depreciation in legal-tender notes in which we were paid was very embarrassing. One hundred dollars in notes would bring but thirty-five or forty dollars in gold, and we could get nothing we wanted except with gold.

My second year in San Francisco I lived in Howard Street near First and was bookkeeper for a stock-broker. I became familiar with the fascinating financial game that followed the development of the Comstock lode, discovered in 1859. It was 1861 before production was large. Then began the silver age, a new era that completely transformed California and made San Francisco a great center of financial power. Within twenty years \$340,000,000 poured into her banks. The world's

silver output increased from forty millions a year to sixty millions. In September of 1862 the stock board was organized. At first a share in a company represented a running foot on the lode's length. In 1871, Mr. Cornelius o'Connor bought ten shares of Consolidated Virginia at eight dollars a share. When it had been divided into one thousand shares and he was offered \$680 a share, he had the sagacity to sell, realizing a 124 profit of \$679,920 on his investment of \$80. At the time he sold, a share represented one-fourteenth of an inch. In six years the bonanza yielded \$104,000,000, of which \$73,000,000 was paid in dividends.

The effect of such unparalleled riches was wide-spread. It made Nevada a state and gave great impetus to the growth of San Francisco. It had a marked influence on society and modified the character of the city itself. Fifteen years of abnormal excitement, with gains and losses incredible in amount, unsettled the stability of trade and orderly business and proved a demoralizing influence. Speculation became a habit. It was gambling adjusted to all conditions, with equal opportunity for millionaire or chambermaid, and few resisted altogether. Few felt shame, but some were secretive.

A few words are due Adolph Sutro, who dealt in cigars in his early manhood, but went to Nevada in 1859 and by 1861 owned a quartz-mill. In 1866 he became impressed with the idea that the volume of water continually flowing into the deeper mines of the Comstock lode would eventually demand an outlet on the floor of Carson Valley, four miles away. He secured the legislation and surprised both friends and enemies by raising the money to begin construction of the famous Sutro Tunnel. He began the work in 1859, and in some way carried it through, spending five million dollars. The mine-owners did not want to use his tunnel, 125 but they had to. He finally sold out at a good price and put the most of a large fortune in San Francisco real estate. At one time he owned one-tenth of the area of the city. He forested the bald hills of the San Miguel Rancho, an immense improvement, changing the whole sky-line back of Golden Gate Park. He built the fine Sutro Baths, planted the beautiful gardens on the heights above the Cliff House, established a car line that meant to the ocean for a nickel, amassed a library of twenty thousand volumes, and incidentally made a good mayor. He was a public benefactor and should be held in grateful memory.

The memories that cluster around a certain building are often impressive, both intrinsically and by reason of their variety. Platt's Hall is connected with experiences of first interest. For many years it was the place for most occasional events of every character. It was a large square auditorium on the spot now covered by the Mills Building. Balls, lectures, concerts, political meetings, receptions, everything that was popular and wanted to be considered first-class went to Platt's Hall.

Starr King's popularity had given the Unitarian church and Sunday-school a great hold on the community. At Christmas its festivals were held in Platt's Hall. We paid a hundred dollars for rent and twenty-five dollars for a Christmas-tree. Persons who served as doorkeepers or in any other capacity received ten 126 dollars each. At one dollar for admission we crowded the big hall and always had money left over. Our entertainments were elaborate, closing with a dance. My first service for the Sunday-school was the unobserved holding up an angel's wing in a tableau. One of the most charming of effects was an artificial snowstorm, arranged for the concluding dance at a Christmas festival. The ceiling of the hall was composed of horizontal windows giving perfect ventilation and incidentally making it feasible for a large force of boys to scatter quantities of cut-up white paper evenly and plentifully over the dancers, the evergreen garlands decorating the hall, and the polished floor. It was a long-continued downpour, a complete surprise, and for many a year a happy tradition.

In Platt's Hall wonderfully fine orchestral concerts were held, under the very capable direction of Rudolph Herold. Early in the sixties Caroline Richings had a successful season of English opera. Later the Howsons charmed us for a time. All the noteworthy lecturers of the world who visited California received us at Platt's Hall. Beecher made a great impression. Carl Schurz, also, stirred us deeply. I recall one clever sentence. He said, "When the time came that this country needed a poultice it elected President Hayes and got it." Of our local talent real eloquence found its best expression in Henry Edgerton. The height of enthusiasm was registered in 127 war-time by the mighty throng that gathered at Lincoln's call for a hundred thousand men. Starr King was the principal speaker. He had called upon his protégé, Bret Harte, for a poem for the occasion. Harte doubted his ability, but he handed Mr. King the result of his effort. He called it the "Reveille." King

was greatly delighted. Harte hid himself in the concourse. King's wonderful voice, thrilling with emotion, carried the call to every heart and the audience with one accord stood and cheered again and again.

One of the most striking coincidences I ever knew occurred in connection with the comparatively mild earthquake of 1866. It visited us on a Sunday at the last moments of the morning sermon. Those in attendance at the Unitarian church were engaged in singing the last hymn, standing with books in hand. The movement was not violent but threatening. It flashed through my mind that the strain on a building with a large unsupported roof must be great. Faces blanched, but all stood quietly waiting the end, and all would have gone well had not the large central pipe of the organ, apparently unattached, only its weight holding it in place, tottered on its base and leaped over the heads of the choir, falling into the aisle in front of the first pews. The effect was electric. The large congregation waited for no benediction or other form of dismissal. The church was emptied in an incredibly short time, and the 128 congregation was very soon in the middle of the street, hymnbooks in hand. The coincidence was that the verse being sung was, "The seas shall melt, And skies to smoke decay, Rocks turn to dust, And mountains fall away."

We had evening services at the time, and Dr. Stebbins again gave out the same hymn, and this time we sang it through.

The story of Golden Gate Park and how the city got it is very interesting, but must be much abridged. In 1866 I pieced out a modest income by reporting the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors and the School Board for the *Call*. It was in the palmy days of the People's Party. The supervisors, elected from the wards in which they lived, were honest and fairly able. The man of most brains and initiative was Frank McCoppin. The most important question before them was the disposition of the outside lands. In 1853 the city had sued for the four square leagues (seventeen thousand acres) allowed under the Mexican law. It was granted ten thousand acres, which left all land west of Divisadero Street unsettled as to title. Appeal was taken, and finally the city's claim was confirmed. In 1866 Congress passed an act confirming the decree, and the legislature authorized the conveyance of the lands to occupants.

They were mostly squatters, and the prize was a rich one. Congress had decreed “that 129 all of this land not needed for public purposes, or not previously disposed of, should be conveyed to the persons in possession,” so that all the latitude allowed was as to what “needs for public purposes” covered. There had been agitation for a park; indeed, Frederick Law Olmstead had made an elaborate but discouraging report, ignoring the availability of the drifting sand-hills that formed so large a part of the outside lands, recommending a park including our little Duboce Park and one at Black Point, the two to be connected by a widened and parked Van Ness Avenue, sunken and crossed by ornamental bridges.

The undistributed outside lands to be disposed of comprised eighty-four hundred acres. The supervisors determined to reserve one thousand acres for a park. Some wanted to improve the opportunity to secure without cost considerably more. The *Bulletin* advocated an extension that would bring a bell-shaped panhandle down to the Yerba Buena Cemetery, property owned by the city and now embraced in the Civic Center. After long consideration a compromise was made by which the claimants paid to those whose lands were kept for public use ten per cent of the value of the lands distributed. By this means 1,347.46 acres were rescued, of which Golden Gate Park included 1,049.31, the rest being used for a cemetery, Buena Vista Park, public squares, school lots, etc. The ordinances accomplishing the qualified 130 boon to the city were fathered by McCoppin and Clement. Other members of the committee, immortalized by the streets named after them, were Clayton, Ashbury, Cole, Shrader, and Stanyan.

The story of the development of Golden Gate Park is well known. The beauty and charm are more eloquent than words, and John McLaren ranks high among the city's benefactors.

The years from 1860 to 1870 marked many changes in the character and appearance of San Francisco. Indeed, its real growth and development date from the end of the first decade. Before that we were clearing off the lot and assembling the material. The foundation of the structure that we are still building was laid in the second decade. Statistics establish the fact. In population we increased from less than 57,000 to 150,000—163 per cent. In the first decade our assessed property increased \$9,000,000; in the second, \$85,000,000. Our imports and exports increased from

\$3,000,000 to \$13,000,000. Great gain came through the silver production, but greater far from the development of the permanent industries of the land—grain, fruit, lumber—and the shipping that followed it.

The city made strides in growth and beauty. Our greatest trial was too much prosperity and the growth of luxury and extravagance.

CHAPTER VI

LATER SAN FRANCISCO

IN a brief chapter little can be offered that will tell the story of half a century of life of a great city. No attempt will be made to trace its progress or to recount its achievement. It is my purpose merely to record events and occurrences that I remember, for whatever interest they may have or whatever light they may throw on the life of the city or on my experience in it.

For many years we greatly enjoyed the exhibits and promenade concerts of the Mechanics' Institute Fairs. The large pavilion also served a useful purpose in connection with various entertainments demanding capacity. In 1870 there was held a very successful musical festival; twelve hundred singers participated and Camilla Urso was the violinist. The attendance exceeded six thousand.

The Mercantile Library was in 1864 very strong and seemed destined to eternal life, but it became burdened with debt and sought to extricate itself by an outrageous expedient. The legislature passed an act especially permitting a huge lottery, and for three days in 1870 the town was given over to gambling, unabashed and unashamed. The result seemed a triumph. Half a million dollars was realized, but it was a violation of decency that sounded the knell of the institution, and it was later absorbed by the plodding Mechanics' Institute, which had always been most judiciously managed. Its investments in real estate that it used have made it wealthy.

A gala day of 1870 was the spectacular removal of Blossom Rock. The early-day navigation was imperiled by a small rock northwest of Angel Island, covered at low tide by but five feet of water. It

was called Blossom, from having caused the loss of an English ship of that name. The Government closed a bargain with Engineer Von Schmidt, who three years before had excavated from the solid rock at Hunter's Point a dry dock that had gained wide renown. Von Schmidt guaranteed twenty-four feet of water at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, no payment to be made unless he succeeded. He built a cofferdam, sunk a shaft, planted twenty-three tons of powder in the tunnels he ran, and on May 25th, after notice duly served, which sent the bulk of the population to view-commanding hills, he pushed an electric button that fired the mine, throwing water and debris one hundred and fifty feet in the air. Blossom Rock was no more, deep water was secured, and Von Schmidt cashed his check.

133

On my trip from Humboldt County to San Francisco in 1861 I made the acquaintance of Andrew S. Hallidie, an English engineer who had constructed a wire bridge over the Klamath River. In 1872 he came to my printing office to order a prospectus announcing the formation of a small company to construct a new type of street-car, to be propelled by wire cable running in a conduit in the street and reached by a grip through a slot. It was suggested by the suffering of horses striving to haul cars up our steep hills and it utilized methods successfully used in transporting ores from the mines. On August 2, 1873, the first cable-car made a successful trial trip of seven blocks over Clay Street hill, from Kearny to Leavenworth. Later it was extended four blocks to the west. From this beginning the cable-roads spread over most of the city and around the world. With the development of the electric trolley they were largely displaced except on steep grades, where they still perform an important function. Mr. Hallidie was a public-spirited citizen and an influential regent of the University of California.

In 1874 there was forced upon the citizens of San Francisco the necessity of taking steps to give better care and opportunity to the neglected children of the community. A poorly conducted reform school was encouraging crime instead of effecting reform. On every hand was heard the question, "What shall we do 134 with our boys?" Encouraged by the reports of what had been accomplished in New York City by Charles L. Brace, correspondence was entered into, and finally The Boys and Girls Aid Society was organized. Difficulty was encountered in finding any one willing to

act as president of the organization, but George C. Hickox, a well-known banker, was at last persuaded and became much interested in the work. For some time it was a difficult problem to secure funds to meet the modest expenses. A lecture by Charles Kingsley was a flat failure. Much more successful was an entertainment at Platt's Hall at which well-known citizens took part in an old-time spelling-match. In a small building in Clementina Street we began with neighborhood boys, who were at first wild and unruly. Senator George C. Perkins became interested, and for more than forty years served as president. Through him Senator Fair gave five thousand dollars and later the two valuable fifty-vara lots at Grove and Baker streets, still occupied by the Home. We issued a little paper, *Child and State*, in which we appealed for a building, and a copy fell into the hands of Miss Helen McDowell, daughter of the General. She sent it to Miss Hattie Crocker, who passed it to her father, Charles Crocker, of railroad fame. He became interested and wrote for particulars, and when the plans were submitted he told us to go ahead and build, sending the bills to him. These two substantial gifts made 135 possible the working out of our plans, and the results have been very encouraging. When the building was erected, on the advice of the experts of the period, two lockups were installed, one without light. Experience soon convinced us that they could be dispensed with, and both were torn out. An honor system was substituted, to manifest advantage, and failures to return when boys permitted to visit parents are negligible in number. The three months of summer vacation are devoted to berry-picking, with satisfaction to growers and to the boys, who last year earned eleven thousand dollars of which seven thousand dollars was paid to the boys who participated, in proportion to the amount earned.

William C. Ralston was able, daring, and brilliant. In 1864 he organized the Bank of California, which, through its Virginia City connection and the keenness and audacity of William Sharon, practically monopolized the big business of the Comstock, controlling mines, milling, and transportation. In San Francisco it was *the* bank, and its earnings were huge. Ralston was public-spirited and enterprising. He backed all kinds of schemes as well as many legitimate undertakings. He seemed the great power of the Pacific Coast. But in 1875, when the silver output dropped and the tide that had flowed in for a dozen years turned to ebb, distrust was speedy. On the afternoon of August 26th, as I chanced to be passing the 136 bank, I saw with dismay the closing of its doors.

The death of Ralston, the discovery of wild investments, and the long train of loss were intensely tragic. The final rehabilitation of the bank brought assurance and rich reward to those who met their loss like men, but the lesson was a hard one. In retrospect Ralsto seems to typify that extraordinary era of wild speculation and recklessness.

No glance at old San Francisco can be considered complete which does not at least recognize Emperor Norton, a picturesque figure of its life. A heavy, elderly man, probably Jewish, who paraded the streets in a dingy uniform with conspicuous epaulets, a plumed hat, and a knobby cane. Whether he was a pretender or imagined that he was an emperor no one knew or seemed to care. He was good-natured, and he was humored. Everybody bought his scrip in fifty cents denomination. I was his favored printer, and he assured me that when he came into his estate he would make me chancellor of the exchequer. He often attended the services of the Unitarian church, and expressed his feeling that there were too many churches and that when the empire was established he should request all to accept the Unitarian church. He once asked me if I could select from among the ladies of our church a suitable empress. I told him I thought I might, but that he must be ready to provide for her handsomely; that no man thought of 137 keeping a bird until he had a cage, and that a queen must have a palace. He was satisfied, and I never was called upon.

The most memorable of the Fourth of July celebrations was in 1876, when the hundredth anniversary called for something special. The best to be had was prepared for the occasion. The procession was elaborate and impressive. Dr. Stebbis delivered a fine oration; there was a poem, of course; but the especial feature was a military and naval spectacle, elaborate in character.

The fortifications around the harbor and the ships available were scheduled to unite in an attack on a supposed enemy ship attempting to enter the harbor. The part of the invading cruiser was taken by a large scow anchored between Sausalito and Fort Point. At an advertised hour the bombardment was to begin, and practically the whole population of the city sought the high hills commanding the view. The hills above the Presidio were then bare of habitations, but on that day they were black with eager spectators. When the hour arrived the bombardment began. The air was full of smoke and the noise was terrific, but alas for marksmanship, the willing and waiting cruiser rode serenely

unharmd and unhittable. The afternoon wore away and still no chance shot went home. Finally a whitehall boat sneaked out and set the enemy ship on fire, that her continued security might no longer oppress us. 138 It was a most impressive exhibit of unpreparedness, and gave us much to think of.

On the evening of the same day, Father Neri, at St. Ignatius College, displayed electric lighting for the first time in San Francisco, using three French arc lights.

The most significant event of the second decade was the rise and decline of the Working-men's Party, following the remarkable episode of the Sand Lot and Denis Kearney. The winter of 1876-77 had been one of slight rainfall, there had been a general failure of crops, the yield of gold and silver had been small, and there was much unemployment. There had been riots in the East and discontent and much resentment were rife. The line of least resistance seemed to be the clothes-line. The Chinese, though in no wise responsible, were attacked. Laundries were destroyed, but rioting brought speedy organization. A committee of safety, six thousand strong, took the situation in hand. The state and the national governments moved resolutely, and order was very soon restored. Kearney was clever and knew when to stop. He used his qualities of leadership for his individual advantage and eventually became sleek and prosperous. In the meantime he was influential in forming a political movement that played a prominent part in giving us a new constitution. The ultra conservatives were frightened, but the new instrument did not prove so harmful as was feared. It had many 139 good features and lent itself readily to judicial construction.

While we now treat the episode lightly, it was at the time a serious matter. It was Jack Cade in real life, and threatened existing society much as the Bolsheviks do in Russia. The significant feature of the experience was that there was a measure of justification for the protest. Vast fortunes had been suddenly amassed and luxury and extravagance presented a damaging contrast to the poverty and suffering of the many. Heartlessness and indifference are the primary danger. The result of the revolt was on the whole good. The warning was needed, and, on the other hand, the protestants learned that real reforms are not brought about by violence or even the summary change of organic law.

In 1877 I had the good fortune to join the Chit-Chat Club, which had been formed three years before on very simple lines. A few high-minded young lawyers interested in serious matters, but alive to good-fellowship, dined together once a month and discussed an essay that one of them had written. The essayist of one meeting presided at the next. A secretary-treasurer was the only officer. Originally the papers alternated between literature and political economy, but as time went on all restrictions were removed, although by usage politics and religion are shunned. The membership has always been of high character and 140 remarkable interest has been maintained. I have esteemed it a great privilege to be associated with so fine a body of kindly, cultivated men, and educationally it has been of great advantage. I have missed few meetings in the forty-four years, and the friendships formed have been many and close. We formerly celebrated our annual meetings and invited men of note. Our guests included Generals Howard, Gibbons, and Miles, the LeContes, Edward Rowland Sill, and Luther Burbank. We enjoyed meeting celebrities, but our regular meetings, with no formality, proved on the whole more to our taste and celebrations were given up. When I think of the delight and benefit that I have derived from this association of clubbable men I feel moved to urge that similar groups be developed wherever even a very few will make the attempt.

In 1879 I joined many of my friends and acquaintances in a remarkable entertainment on a large scale. It was held in the Mechanics' Pavilion and continued for many successive nights. It was called the "Carnival of Authors." The immense floor was divided into a series of booths, occupied by representative characters of all the noted authors, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dickens, Irving, Scott, and many others. A grand march every evening introduced the performances or receptions given at the various booths, and was very colorful and amusing. My character was the 141 fortune-teller in the Alhambra, and my experiences were interesting and impressive. My disguise was complete, and in my zodiacal quarters I had much fun in telling fortunes for many people I knew quite well, and I could make revelations that seemed to them very wonderful. In the grand march I could indulge in the most unmannered swagger. My own sister asked in indignation: "Who is that old man making eyes at me?" I held many charming hands as I pretended to study the lines. One evening Charles Crocker, as he strolled past, inquired if I would like any help. I assured him that beauty were safer

in the hands of age. A young woman whom I saw weekly at church came with her cousin, a well-known banker. I told her fortune quite to her satisfaction, and then informed her that the gentleman with her was a relative, but not a brother. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. A very well-known Irish stock operator came with his daughter, whose fortune I made rosy. She persuaded her father to sit. Nearly every morning I had met him as he rode a neat pony along a street running to North Beach, where he took a swim. I told him that the lines of his hand indicated water, that he had been born across the water. "Yes," he murmured, "in France." I told him he had been successful. "Moderately so," he admitted. I said, "Some people think it has been merely good luck, but you have contributed to good fortune. You are a 142 man of very regular habits. Among your habits is that of bathing every morning in the waters of the bay." "Oh, God!" he ejaculated, "he knows me!"

Some experiences were not so humorous. A very hard-handed, poorly dressed but patently upright man took it very seriously. I told him he had had a pretty hard life, but that no man could look him in the face and say that he had been wronged by him. He said that was so, but he wanted to ask my advice as to what to do when persecuted because he could not do more than was possible to pay an old debt for which he was not to blame. I comforted him all I could, and told him he should not allow himself to be imposed upon. When he left he asked for my address down town. He wanted to see me again. The depth of suffering and the credulity revealed were often embarrassing and made me feel a fraud when I was aiming merely to amuse. I was glad again to become my undisguised self.

It was in the late eighties that Julia Ward Howe visited her sister near the city, and I very gladly was of service in helping her fill some of her engagements. She gave much pleasure by lectures and talks and enjoyed visiting some of our attractions. She was charmed with the Broadway Grammar School, where Jean Parker had achieved such wonderful results with the foreign girls of the North Beach locality. I remember meeting a 143 distinguished educator at a dinner, and I asked him if he had seen the school. He said he had. "What do you think of it?" I asked him. "I think it is the finest school in the world," he said. I took Mrs. Howe to a class. She was asked to say a few words, and in her beautiful voice she gained instant and warm attention. She asked all the little girls who spoke French in their homes to stand. Many rose. Then she called for Spanish. Many more stood. She

followed with Scandinavian and Italian. But when she came to those who used English she found few. She spoke to several in their own tongue and was most enthusiastically greeted. I also escorted her across the bay to Mills College, with which she was greatly pleased. She proved herself a good sport. With true Bohemianism, she joined in luncheon on the ferryboat, eating ripe strawberries from the original package, using her fingers and enjoying the informality. She fitted every occasion with dignity or humor. In the pulpit at our church she preached a remarkably fine sermon.

Mozoomdar, the saintly representative of the Brahmo Somaj, was a highly attractive man. His voice was most musical, and his bearing and manner were beautiful. He seemed pure spirit and a type of the deeply religious nature. Nor was he without humor. In speaking of his visit to England he said that his hosts generally seemed to think that for food he required only “an unlimited quantity of milk.”

144

Politics has had a wide range in San Francisco, —rotten at times, petty at others, with the saving grace of occasional idealism. The consolidation act and the People's Party touched high-water mark in reform. With the lopping off of the San Mateo end of the peninsula in 1856, one board of supervisors was substituted for the three that had spent \$2,646,000 the year before. With E. W. Burr at its head, under the new board expenditures were reduced to \$353,000. The People's Party had a long lease of power, but in 1876 McCoppin was elected mayor. Later came the reigns of little bosses, the specter of the big corporation boss behind them all, and then the triumph of decency under McNab, when good men served as supervisors. Then came the sinister triumph of Ruef and the days of graft, cut short by the amazing exposure, detection, and overthrow of entrenched wickedness, and the administration of Dr. Taylor, a high idealist, too good to last.

Early in 1904 twenty-five gentlemen (five of whom were members of the Chit-Chat Club) formed an association for the improvement and adornment of San Francisco. D. H. Burnham was invited to prepare a plan, and a bungalow was erected on a spur of Twin Peaks from which to study the problem. A year or more was given to the task, and in September, 1905, a comprehensive report was made and officially sanctioned, by vote and publication. To what extent it might have been

followed but for the 145 event of April, 1906, cannot be conjectured, but it is matter of deep regret that so little resulted from this very valuable study of a problem upon which the future of the city so vitally depends. It is not too late to follow its principal features, subject to such modifications as are necessary in the light of a good deal that we have accomplished since the report. San Francisco's possibilities for beauty are very great.

The earthquake and fire of April, 1906, many San Franciscans would gladly forget; but as they faced the fact, so they need not shrink from the memory. It was a never to be effaced experience of man's littleness and helplessness, leaving a changed consciousness and a new attitude. Being aroused from deep sleep to find the solid earth wrenched and shaken beneath you, structures displaced, chimneys shorn from their bases, water shut off, railway tracks distorted, and new shocks recurring, induces terror that no imagination can compass. After breakfasting on an egg cooked by the heat from an alcohol lamp, I went to rescue the little I could from my office, and saw the resistless approaching fire shortly consume it. Lack of provisions and scarcity of water drove me the next morning across the bay. Two days afterward, leaving my motherless children, I returned to bear a hand in relief and restoration. Every person going up Market Street stopped to throw a few bricks from the street 146 to make possible a way for vehicles. For miles desolation reigned. In the unburned districts bread-lines marked the absolute leveling. Bankers and beggars were one. Very soon the mighty tide of relief set in, beginning with the near-by counties and extending to the ends of the earth.

Among our interesting experiences at Red Cross headquarters was the initiation of Dr. Devine into the habits of the earthquake. He had come from New York to our assistance. We were in session and J. S. Merrill was speaking. There came a decidedly sharp shake. An incipient "Oh!" from one of the ladies was smothered. Mr. Merrill kept steadily on. When he had concluded and the shock was over he turned to Dr. Devine and remarked: "Doctor, you look a little pale. I thought a moment ago you were thinking of going out." Dr. Devine wanly smiled as he replied: "You must excuse me. Remember that this is my first experience."

I think I never saw a little thing give so much pleasure as when a man who had been given an old coat that was sent from Mendocino County found in a pocket a quarter of a dollar that some sympathetic philanthropist had slipped in as a surprise. It seemed a fortune to one who had nothing. Perhaps a penniless mother who came in with her little girl was equally pleased when she found that some kind woman had sent in a doll that her girl 147 could have. One of our best citizens, Frederick Dohrmann, was in Germany, his native land, at the time. He had taken his wife in pursuit of rest and health. They had received kindly entertainment from many friends, and decided to make some return by a California reception at the town hostelry. They ordered a generous dinner. They thought of the usual wealth of flowers at a California party, and visiting a florist's display they bought his entire stock. The invited guests came in large numbers, and the host and hostess made every effort to emphasize their hospitality. But after they had gone Mr. Dohrmann remarked to his wife: "I somehow feel that the party has not been a success. The people did not seem to enjoy themselves as I thought they would." The next morning as they sought the breakfast-room they were asked if they had seen the morning papers. Ordering them they found staring head-lines: "San Francisco destroyed by an earthquake!" Their guests had seen the billboards on their way to the party, but could not utterly spoil the evening by mentioning it, yet were incapable of merriment. Mr. Dohrmann and his wife returned at once, and though far from well, he threw himself into the work of restoration, in which no one was more helpful. The dreadful event, however, revealed much good in human nature. Helpfulness in the presence of such devastation and suffering might be expected, but honor and integrity after 148 the sharp call of sympathy was over have a deeper meaning. One of my best customers, the Bancroft-Whitney Company, law publishers, having accounts with lawyers and law-booksellers all over the country, lost not only all their stock and plates but all their books of accounts, and were left without any evidence of what was owing them. They knew that exclusive of accounts considered doubtful there was due them by customers other than those in San Francisco \$175,000. Their only means of ascertaining the particulars was through those who owed it. They decided to make it wholly a matter of honor, and sent to the thirty-five thousand lawyers in the United States the following printed circular, which I printed at a hastily assembled temporary printing office across the bay:

To Our Friends and Patrons:

a —We have lost all our records of accounts.

b —Our net loss will exceed \$400,000.

SIMPLY A QUESTION OF HONOR.

First —Will each lawyer in the country send us a statement of what he owes us, whether due or not due, and names of books covered by said statement on enclosed blank (blue blank)

Second —Information for our records (yellow blank).

Third —Send us a postal money order for all the money you can now spare.

PLEASE FILL OUT AND SEND US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE THE FORMS ENCLOSED.

May 15, 1906.

Returns of money and of acknowledgment were prompt and encouraging. Some of those considered doubtful were the first to 149 acknowledge their indebtedness. Before long they were able to reproduce their books and the acknowledged balances nearly equaled their estimated total of good accounts. Remittances were made until over \$170,000 was paid. Of this amount about \$25,000 covered accounts not included in their estimate of collectible indebtedness. This brought their estimated total to \$200,000, and established the fact that over eighty-five per cent of all that was owed them was acknowledged promptly under this call on honor.

Four years later they were surprised by the receipt of a check for \$250 from a lawyer in Florida for a bill incurred long before, of which they had no memory. Let those who scoff at ideals and bemoan the dishonesty of this materialistic age take note that money is not all, and let those who grudgingly admit that there are a few honest men but no honest lawyers take notice that even lawyers have some sense of honor.

Some few instances of escape are interesting. I have a friend who was living on the Taylor Street side of Russian Hill. When the quake came, his daughter, who had lived in Japan and learned wise measures, immediately filled the bathtub with water. A doomed grocery-store near by asked customers to help themselves to goods. My friend chose a dozen large siphon bottles of soda water. The house was detached and for a time escaped, but finally the roof caught from flying embers and the fire was slowly extending. When the time came to leave the house a large American flag was raised to a conspicuous staff. A company of soldiers sent from the Presidio for general duty saw the flag several blocks away, and made for the house to save the colors. Finding the bathroom water supply, they mixed it with sand and plastered the burning spots. They arrested the spreading flames, but could not reach the fire under the cornice. Then they utilized the siphon bottles; one soldier, held by his legs, hung over the roof and squirted the small stream on the crucial spot. The danger was soon over and the house was saved with quite a group of others that would have burned with it.

While many individuals never recovered their property conditions or their nerve, it is certain that a new spirit was generated. Great obstacles were overcome and determination was invincible. We were forced to act broadly, and we reversed the negative policy of doing nothing and owing nothing. We went into debt with our eyes open, and spent millions in money for the public good. The city was made safe and also beautiful. The City Hall, the Public Library, and the Auditorium make our Civic Center a source of pride. The really great exposition of 1915 was carried out in a way to increase our courage and our capacity. We have developed a fine public spirit and efficient co-operation. We need fear nothing in the future. We have character and we are gaining in capacity.

Vocation and avocation have about equally divided my time and energy during my residence in San Francisco. I have done some things because I was obliged to and many others because I wished to. When one is fitted and trained for some one thing he is apt to devote himself steadily and profitably to it, but when he is an amateur and not a master he is sure to be handicapped. After about a year in the Indian department a change in administration left me without a job. For about a year I was

a bookkeeper for a stock-broker. Then for another year I was a money-broker, selling currency, silver, and revenue stamps. When that petered out I was ready for anything. A friend had loaned money to a printer and seemed about to lose it. In 1867 I became bookkeeper and assistant in this printing office to rescue the loan, and finally succeeded. I liked the business and had the hardihood to buy a small interest, borrowing the necessary money from a bank at one per cent a month. I knew absolutely nothing of the art and little of business. It meant years of wrestling for the weekly pay-roll, often in apprehension of the sheriff, but for better or for worse I stuck to it and gradually established a good business. I found satisfaction in production and had many pleasant experiences. In illustration I reproduce an order I received in 1884 from Fred 152 Beecher Perkins, librarian of the recently established free public library. (He was father of Charlotte Perkins Stetson.)

SAN FRANCISCO

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE CLAY STREET OFFICE THE DAY AFTER

153

In 1892, as president of the San Francisco Typothetae, I had the great pleasure of co-operating with the president of the Typographical Union in giving a reception and dinner to George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Our relations were not always so friendly. We once resisted arbitrary methods and a strike followed. My men went out regretfully, shaking hands as they left. We won the strike, and then by gradual voluntary action gave them the pay and hours they asked for. When the earthquake fire of 1906 came I was unfortunately situated. I had lately bought out my partner and owed much money. To meet all my obligations I felt obliged to sell a controlling interest in the business, and that was the beginning of the end. I was in active connection with the printing business for forty-seven years.

I am forced to admit that it would have been much to my advantage had I learned in my early life to say “No” at the proper time. The loss in scattering one's powers is too great to contemplate with comfort. I had a witty partner who once remarked, “I have great respect for James Bunnell, for he has but one hobby at a time.” I knew the inference. A man who has too many hobbies is not respectable. He is not even fair to the hobbies. I have always been overloaded and so not efficient. It is also my habit to hold on. It seems almost impossible to drop what I have taken up, and while there is gain in some ways through standing by 154 there is gross danger in not resolutely stopping when you have enough. In addition to the activities I have incidentally mentioned I have served twenty-five years on the board of the Associated Charities, and still am treasurer. I have been a trustee of the California School of Mechanical Arts for at least as long. I have served for years on the board of the Babies Aid, and also represent the Protestant Charities on the Home-Finding Agency of the Native Sons and Daughters. It is an almost shameful admission of dissipation. No man of good discretion spreads himself too thin.

When I was relieved from further public service, and had disposed of the printing business, it was a great satisfaction to accept the field secretaryship of the American Unitarian Association for the Pacific Coast. I enjoyed the travel and made many delightful acquaintances. It was an especial pleasure to accompany such a missionary as Dr. William L. Sullivan. In 1916 we visited most of the churches on the coast, and it was a constant pleasure to hear him and to see the gladness with which he was always received, and the fine spirit he inspired. I have also found congenial occupation in keeping alive *The Pacific Unitarian*. Thirty years is almost venerable in the life of a religious journal. I have been favored with excellent health and with unnumbered blessings of many kinds. I rejoice at the goodness and kindness of my fellow men. My experience 155 justifies my trustful and hopeful temperament. I believe “the best is yet to be.”

I am thankful that my lot has been cast in this fair city. I love it and I have faith in its future. There have been times of trial and of fear, but time has told in favor of courage not to be lost and deep confidence in final good. It cannot be doubted that the splendid achievement of the Panama-Pacific Exposition gave strong faith in power to withstand adverse influences and temporary weakness.

When we can look back upon great things we have accomplished we gain confidence in ability to reach any end that we are determined upon. It is manifest that a new spirit, an access of faith, has come to San Francisco since she astonished the world and surprised herself by creating the magnificent dream on the shores of the bay.

At its conclusion a few of us determined it should not be utterly lost. We formed an Exposition Preservation League through which we salvaged the Palace of Fine Arts, the most beautiful building of the last five centuries, the incomparable Marina, a connected driveway from Black Point to the Presidio, the Lagoon, and other features that will ultimately revert to the city, greatly adding to its attractiveness.

Fifty years of municipal life have seen great advance and promise a rich future. Materially they have been as prosperous as well-being demands or as is humanly safe—years of healthy growth, free of fever and delirium, in which 156 natural resources have been steadily developed and we have somewhat leisurely prepared for world business on a large scale. In population we have increased from about 150,000 to about 550,000, which is an average advance from decade to decade of thirty-three per cent.

Bank clearances are considered the best test of business. Our clearing house was established in 1876, and the first year the total clearances were \$520,000. We passed the million mark in 1900, and in 1920 they reached \$8,122,000,000. In 1870 our combined exports and imports were about \$13,000,000. In 1920 they were \$486,000,000, giving California fourth rank in the national record.

The remarkable feature in all our records is the great acceleration in the increase in the years since the disaster of 1906. Savings bank receipts in 1920 are twice as large as in 1906, postal receipts three times as large, national bank resources four times as large, national bank deposits nine times as large.

There can be no reasonable doubt that San Francisco is to be a very important industrial and commercial city. Every indication leads to this conclusion. The more important consideration of character and spirit cannot be forecast by statistics, but much that has been accomplished and the

changed attitude on social welfare and the humanities leave no doubt on the part of the discerning that we have made great strides and that the future is full of promise.

CHAPTER VII

INCIDENTS IN PUBLIC SERVICE

AT twenty-two I found myself Register of the Humboldt Land Office, with offices on the first floor of a building at Eureka, the second story of which was occupied by a school. An open veranda extended across the front. When I first let myself into the office, I carelessly left the key in the lock. A mischievous girl simply gave it a turn and I was a prisoner, with a plain but painful way of escape—not physically painful, but humiliating to my official pride. There was nothing for it but ignominiously to crawl out of the window onto the veranda and recover the key—and that I forthwith did.

The archives of the office proved interesting. The original Register was a Missouri Congressman, who had been instructed to proceed to Humboldt City and open the office. Humboldt City was on the map and seemed the logical location. But it had “died aborning” and as a city did not exist. So the Register took the responsibility of locating the office at Eureka, and in explanation addressed to the President, whom he denominated “Buckhannan,” a letter 158 in which he went at length into the “hole” subject. The original draft was on file.

I was authorized to receive homestead applications, to locate land warrants, to hear contests, and to sell “offered land.” The latter was government land that had been offered for sale at \$1.25 an acre and had not been taken. Strangely enough, it embraced a portion of the redwood belt along Mad River, near Arcata.

But one man seemed aware of the opportunity. John Preston, a tanner of Arcata, would accumulate thirty dollars in gold and with it buy fifty dollars in legal-tender notes. Then he would call and ask for the plat, and, after considerable pawing, he would say, “Well, Charlie, I guess I’ll take that forty.” Whereupon the transaction would be completed by my taking his greenbacks and giving him

a certificate of purchase for the forty acres of timber-land that had cost him seventy-five cents an acre, and later probably netted him not less than three hundred dollars an acre for stumpage alone. Today it would be worth twice that. The opportunity was open to all who had a few cents and a little sense.

Sales of land were few and locations infrequent, consequently commissions were inconsiderable. Now and then I would hold a trial between conflicting claimants, some of them quite important. It was natural that the respective attorneys should take advantage of my youth and inexperience, for they had known me in my verdant boyhood and seemed to rejoice in my discomfiture. I had hard work to keep them in order. They threatened one another with ink-bottles and treated me with contempt. They would lure me on when I rejected evidence as inadmissible, offering slightly changed forms, until I was forced to reverse myself. When I was uncertain I would adjourn court and think it over. These were trying experiences, but I felt sure that the claimants' rights would be protected on appeal to the Commissioner of the General Land Office and finally to the Secretary of the Interior. I was glad that in the biggest case I guessed right.

One occurrence made a strong impression on me. It was war-time, and loyalty was an issue. A rancher from Mendocino County came to Eureka to prove up on his land and get a patent. He seemed to me a fine man, but when he was asked to take the oath of allegiance he balked. I tried my best to persuade him that it was harmless and reasonable, but he simply wouldn't take it, and went back home without his patent.

My experiences while chief clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs are too valuable to be overlooked. I traveled quite freely and saw unfamiliar life. I had a very interesting trip in 1865, to inspect the Round Valley Indian Reservation and to distribute clothing to the Indians. It was before the days of railroads in that part of California. Two of us drove a light wagon from Petaluma to Ukiah, and then put saddles on our horses and started over the mountains to the valley. We took a cold lunch, planning to stay overnight at a stockman's ranch. When we reached the place we found a notice that he had gone to a rodeo. We broke into his barn to feed our horses, but we spared his house. Failing to catch fish in the stream near by, we made our dinner of

its good water, and after a troubled night had the same fare for breakfast. For once in my life I knew hunger. To the nearest ranch was half a day's journey, and we lost no time in heading for it. On the way I had an encounter with a vicious rattlesnake. The outcome was more satisfactory than it might have been. At noon, when we found a cattleman whose Indian mate served venison and hot bread of good quality and abundant quantity, we were appreciative and happy. The remainder of the trip was uneventful.

The equal division of clothing or supplies among a lot of Indians throws helpful light on the causes of inequality. A very few days suffice to upset all efforts at impartiality. A few, the best gamblers, soon have more than they need, while the many have little or nothing.

The valleys of Mendocino County are fascinatingly beautiful, and a trip direct to the coast, with a spin along ten miles of perfect beach as we returned, was a fine contrast to hungry climbing over rugged heights.

161

Another memorable trip was with two Indians from the mouth of the Klamath River to its junction with the Trinity at Weitchpec. The whole course of the stream is between lofty peaks and is a continuous series of sharp turns. After threading its winding way, it is easy to understand what an almost solid resistance would be presented to a rapidly rising river. With such a watershed as is drained by the two rivers, the run-off in a storm would be so impeded as to be very slow. The actual result was demonstrated in 1861. In August of that year, A. S. Hallidie built a wire bridge at Weitchpec. He made the closest possible examination as to the highest point the river had reached. In an Indian rancheria he found a stone door-sill that had been hollowed by constant use for ages. This was then ninety-eight feet above the level of the flowing river. He accepted it as absolutely safe. In December, 1861, the river rose thirty feet above the bridge and carried away the structure.

The Indians living on lower Mad River had been removed for safety to the Smith River Indian Reservation. They were not happy and felt they might safely return, now that the Indian war was over. The white men who were friendly believed that if one of the trusted Indians could be brought

down to talk with his friends he could satisfy the others that it would be better to remain on the reservation. It was my job to go up and bring him down. We 162 came down the beach past the mouth of the Klamath, Gold Bluff, and Trinidad, to Fort Humboldt, and interviewed many white settlers friendly to the Indians until the representative was satisfied as to the proper course to follow.

In 1851 "Gold Bluff" was the first great mining excitement. The Klamath River enters the ocean just above the bluff that had been made by the deposit of sand, gravel, and boulders to the height of a hundred feet or more. The waves, beating against the bluff for ages, have doubtless washed gold into the ocean's bed. In 1851 it was discovered that at certain tides or seasons there were deposited on the beach quantities of black sand, mingled with which were particles of gold. Nineteen men formed a company to take up a claim and work the supposedly exhaustless deposit. An expert report declared that the sand measured would yield each of the men the modest sum of \$43,000,000. Great excitement stirred San Francisco and eight vessels left with adventurers. But it soon was found that black sand was scarce and gold much more so. For some time it paid something, but as a lure it soon failed.

When I was first there I was tremendously impressed when shown at the level of the beach, beneath the bluff and its growing trees, an imbedded redwood log. It started the imagination on conjectures of when and where it had been clad in beauty as part of a living landscape.

163

An interesting conclusion to this experience was traveling over the state with Charles Maltby, appointed to succeed my friend, to turn over the property of the department. He was a personal friend of President Lincoln, and he bore a striking resemblance to him and seemed like him in character.

In 1883 a nominee for the Assembly from San Francisco declined the honor, and it devolved on a group of delegates to select a candidate in his place. They asked me to run, and on the condition that I should solicit no votes and spend no money I consented. I was one of four Republicans

elected from San Francisco. In the entire state we were out-numbered about four to one. But politics ordinarily cuts little figure. The only measure I introduced provided for the probationary treatment of juvenile delinquents through commitment to an unsectarian organization that would seek to provide homes. I found no opposition in committee or on the floor. When it was reached I would not endanger its passage by saying anything for it. It passed unanimously and was concurred in by the Senate. My general conclusion is that the average legislator is ready to support a measure that he feels is meritorious and has no other motive than the general good.

We were summoned in extra session to act on matters affecting the railroads. It was at 164 a time when they were decidedly in politics. The Central Pacific was generally credited with controlling the legislative body of the state. A powerful lobby was maintained, and the company was usually able to thwart the passage of any legislation the political manager considered detrimental to its interests. The farmers and country representatives did all in their power to correct abuses and protect the interests of the people of the state, but the city representatives, in many instances not men of character, were usually controlled by some boss ready to do the bidding of the railroad's chief lobbyist. The hope for decency is always in free men, and they generally are from the country.

It was pathetic at times to watch proceedings. I recall one instance, where a young associate from San Francisco had cast a vote that was discreditable and pretty plainly indicated corrupt influence. The measure he supported won a passage, but a motion for reconsideration carried, and when it came up the following day the father of the young man was seated by his side as the vote was taken. He was a much-respected plasterer, and he came from his home on a hurried call to save his son from disgrace. It was a great relief when on recall the son reversed his vote and the measure was lost.

Of course, there were punitive measures, unreasonable and unjust, and some men were 165 afraid to be just if the railroad would in any way be benefited. I tried to be discriminating and impartial, judging each measure on its merits. I found it was a thankless task and bred suspicion. An independent man is usually distrusted. At the end of the session a fine old farmer, consistently

against the railroad, said to me: "I couldn't make you out for a long time. Some days I gave you a white mark, and some days a black one. I finally give you a white mark—but it was a close shave."

I was impressed with the power of the Speaker to favor or thwart legislation. At the regular session some Senator had introduced a bill favoring the needs of the University of California. He wanted it concurred in by the Assembly, and as the leading Democrats were pretty busy with their own affairs he entrusted it to me. The Speaker favored it, and he did not favor a bill in the hands of a leader of the house involving an appropriation. He called me to his seat and suggested that at the reassembling of the Assembly after luncheon I should take the floor to move that the bill he placed on the first-reading file. He knew that the leader would be ready with his pet bill, but he would recognize me. When the gavel fell after luncheon three men leaped for the floor. I arose well at the side of the chamber, while the leader stood directly in front, but the Speaker happened (?) to see me first, and the entrusted bill started for speedy success.

166

It is always pleasant to discover unsuspected humor. There was a very serious-appearing country member who, with the others of a committee, visited the State Prison at San Quentin. We were there at the midday meal and saw the prisoners file in to a substantially laden table. He watched them enjoy the spread, and quietly remarked, "A man who wouldn't be satisfied with such food as that deserves to be turned out of the State Prison."

Some reformer had introduced a bill providing for a complete new code of criminal procedure. It had been referred to the appropriate committee and in due time it made its report. I still can see the committee chairman, a country doctor, as he stood and shook a long finger at the members before him, saying: "Mr. Speaker, we ask that this measure be read in full to the Assembly. I want you to know that I have been obliged to hear it, and I am bound that every member of the house shall hear it."

My conclusion at the end of the session was that the people of the state were fortunate in faring no worse. The many had little fitness; a few had large responsibility. Doubtful and useless measures

predominate, but they are mostly quietly smothered. The country members are watchful and discriminating and a few leaders exercise great power. To me it was a fine experience, and I made good friends. I was interested in proposed measures, and 167 would have willingly gone back the next term. Some of my friends sounded the political boss of the period and asked if I could be given a place on the ticket. He smiled and said, "We have no use for him." When the nominating convention was held he sent in by a messenger a folded piece of paper upon which was inscribed the name of the man for whom they had use—and my legislative career was at an end.

I went back to my printing business, which never should have been neglected, and stayed mildly by it for eleven years. Then, there being a vacancy on the Board of Education, I responded to the wish of friends and accepted the appointment to help them in their endeavor to better our schools.

John Swett, and experienced educator, was superintendent. The majority of the board was composed of high-minded and able men. They had turned over the selection of teachers to the best-fitted professors of the university and were giving an economical and creditable administration. If a principalship was vacant, applications were apt to be disregarded, and the person in the department considered most capable and deserving was notified of election. There were, however, some loose methods. All graduates of the high schools were privileged to attend a normal class for a year and then were eligible without any examination to be appointed teachers. The board was not popular with the teachers, many of whom seemed 168 to consider that the department was mainly for their benefit. At the end of the unexpired term I was elected a member of the succeeding board, and this was continued for five years.

When the first elected board held a preliminary canvass I naturally felt much interest as to my associates, some of whom were entire strangers. Among them was Henry T. Scott, of the firm of shipbuilders who had built the "Oregon." Some one remarked that a prominent politician (naming him) would like to know what patronage would be accorded him. Mr. Scott very forcibly and promptly replied: "So far as I am concerned, not a damned bit. I want none for myself, and I will oppose giving any to him or anyone else." I learned later that he had been elected without being consulted, while absent in the East. Upon his return a somewhat notorious woman principal called

on him and informed him that she was responsible for his election—at least, his name had been submitted to her and received her approval. He replied that he felt she deserved no thanks for that, as he had no desire to serve. She said she had but one request to make; her janitress must not be removed. He gave her no assurances. Soon afterward the matter of appointments came up. Mr. Scott was asked what he wanted, and he replied: “I want but one thing. It involves the janitress of Mrs. —’s school. I want her to be removed immediately.”

169

“All right,” replied the questioner. “Whom shall we name?”

“Whomever you please,” rejoined Scott. “I have no candidate; but no one can tell me what I must or must not do.”

Substitution followed at once.

Later Mr. Scott played the star part in the most interesting political struggle I ever knew. A Democratic victory placed in the superintendent's office a man whose Christian name was appropriately Andrew Jackson. He had the naming of his secretary, who was ex-officio clerk of the board, which confirmed the appointment. One George Beanston had grown to manhood in the office and filled it most satisfactorily. The superintendent nominated a man with no experience, whom I shall call Wells, for the reason that it was not his name. Mr. Scott, a Democratic member, and I were asked to report on the nomination. The superintendent and the committee discussed the matter at a pleasant dinner at the Pacific-Union Club, given by Chairman Scott. At its conclusion the majority conceded that usage and courtesy entitled the superintendent to the appointment. Feeling that civil service and the interest of the school department were opposed to removal from position for mere political differences, I demurred and brought in a minority report. There were twelve members, and when the vote to concur in the appointment came up there was a tie, and the matter went over for 170 a week. During the week one of the Beanston supporters was given the privilege of naming a janitor, and the suspicion that a trade had been made was justified when on roll-call he hung his head and murmured “Wells.” The cause seemed lost; but when later in the

alphabetical roll Scott's name was reached, he threw up his head and almost shouted "Beanston," offsetting the loss of the turncoat and leaving the vote still a tie. It was never called up again, and Beanston retained the place for another two years.

Early in 1901 I was called up on the telephone and asked to come to Mayor Phelan's office at once. I found there some of the most ardent civil service supporters in the city. Richard J. Freud, a member of the Civil Service Commission, had suddenly died the night before. The vacancy was filled by the mayor's appointment. Eugene Schmitz had been elected mayor and would take his seat the following day, and the friends of civil service distrusted his integrity. They did not dare to allow him to act. Haste seemed discourteous to the memory of Freud, but he would want the best for the service. Persuaded of the gravity of the matter, I accepted the appointment for a year and filed my commission before returning to my place of business. I enjoyed the work and its obvious advantage to the departments under its operation. The Police Department especially was given an intelligent and well-equipped 171 force. An amusing incident of an examination for promotion to the position of corporal concerned the hopes we entertained for the success of a popular patrolman. But he did not apply. One day one of the board met him and asked him if he was not to try for it. "I think not," he replied. "My early education was very unlimited. What I know, I know; but I'll be damned if I'm going to give you fellows a chance to find out what I don't know!"

I chanced to visit Washington during my term as commissioner, and through the courtesy of Senator Perkins had a pleasant call on President Roosevelt. A Senator seems to have ready access to the ordinary President, and almost before I realized it we were in the strenuous presence. A cordial hand-clasp and a genial smile followed my introduction, and as the Senator remarked that I was a Civil Service Commissioner, the President called: "Shake again. I used to be one of those fellows myself."

Senator Perkins went on: "Mr. Murdock and I have served for many years as fellow trustees of the Boys and Girls Aid Society."

“Ah,” said the President, “modeled, I presume, on Brace's society, in which my father was greatly interested. Do you know I believe work with boys is about the only hope? It's pretty hard to change a man, but when you can start a boy in the right way he has a chance.” Turning to me he remarked, “Did 172 you know that Governor Brady of Alaska was one of Brace's placed-out boys?” Then of Perkins he asked, “By the way, Senator, how is Brady doing?”

“Very well, I understand,” replied the Senator. “I believe he is a thoroughly honest man.”

“Yes; but is he also able? It is as necessary for a man in public life to be able as to be honest.”

He bade us a hearty good-by as we left him. He impressed me as untroubled and courageous, ready every day for what came, and meeting life with cheer.

The story of the moral and political revolution of 1907 has never been adequately told, nor have the significance and importance of the event been fully recognized. The facts are of greater import than the record; but an eyewitness has responsibility, and I feel moved to give my testimony.

Perhaps so complete a reversal of spirit and administration was never before reached without an election by the people. The faithfulness and nerve of one official backed by the ability of a detective employed by a public-spirited citizen rescued the city government from the control of corrupt and irresponsible men and substituted a mayor and board of supervisors of high character and unselfish purpose. This was accomplished speedily and quietly.

173

With positive proof of bribery that left conviction and a term in prison as the alternative to resignation, District Attorney William H. Langdon had complete control of the situation. In consultation with those who had proved their interest in the welfare of the city, he asked Edward Robeson Taylor to serve as mayor, privileged to select sixteen citizens to act as supervisors in place of the implicated incumbents, who would be induced to resign. Dr. Taylor was an attorney of the highest standing, an idealist of fearless and determined character. No pledges hampered him. He was free to act in redeeming the city. In turn, he asked no pledge or promise of those whom he

selected to serve as supervisors. He named men whom he felt he could trust, and he subsequently left them alone, asking nothing of them and giving them no advice.

It was the year after the fire. I was conducting a substitute printing-office in the old car-barn at Geary and Buchanan streets. One morning Dr. Taylor came in and asked if he might speak to me in private. I was not supplied with facilities for much privacy, but I asked him in and we found seats in the corner of the office farthest from the bookkeeper. Without preliminary, he said, "I want you to act as one of the supervisors." Wholly surprised, I hesitated a moment and then assured him that my respect for him and what he had undertaken was so great that if he was sure 174 he wanted me I would serve. He went out with no further comment, and I heard nothing more of it until I received a notice to meet at his office in the temporary City Hall on July 16th.

In response to the call I found fifteen other men, most of whom I knew slightly. We seemed to be waiting for something. Mr. Langdon was there and Mr. Burns, the detective, was in and out. Mr. Gallagher, late acting mayor and an old-time friend of the District Attorney, was helping in the transfer, in which he was included. Langdon would suggest some procedure: "How will this do, Jim?" "It seems to me, Billy, that this will be better," Gallagher would reply. Burns finally reported that the last of the "bunch" had signed his resignation and that we could go ahead. We filed into the boardroom. Mayor Taylor occupied the chair, to which the week before he had been obediently but not enthusiastically elected by "those about to die." The supervisor alphabetically ranking offered his written resignation, which the mayor promptly accepted. He then appointed as successor the first, alphabetically, on his list. The deputy county clerk was conveniently near and promptly administered the oath and certified the commission. The old member slunk or swaggered out and the new member took his place. So the dramatic scene continued until the transformation was accomplished and a new era dawned. The atmosphere was changed, but was very serious and 175 determined. Everyone felt the gravity of the situation and that we had no easy task ahead. Solemnity marked the undertaking and full realization that hard work alone could overcome obstacles and restore endurable conditions.

Many of the men selected by Dr. Taylor had enjoyed experience and all were anxious to do their best. With firm grasp and resolute procedure, quick results followed. There was to be an election in November. Some of the strongest members had accepted service as an emergency call and could not serve longer; but an incredible amount of planning was accomplished and a great deal disposed of, so that though ten of the appointed board served but six months they had rendered a great service and fortunately were succeeded by other men of character, and the good work went steadily on. In looking back to the problems that confronted the appointed board and the first elected board, also headed by Dr. Taylor, they seem insurmountable.

It is hard now to appreciate the physical conditions of the city. It was estimated that not less than five million dollars would be required to put the streets into any decent condition. It was at first proposed to include this sum in the bond issue that could not be escaped, but reflection assured us that so temporary a purpose was not a proper use of bond money, and we met the expenditure from the annual 176 tax levy. We found the smallest amount required for urgent expenditure in excess of the tax levy was \$18,200,000, and at a special election held early in 1908 the voters indorsed the proposed issue by a vote of over 21,000 to 1800. The three largest expenditures were for an auxiliary water system for fire protection (\$5,200,000), for school buildings (\$5,000,000), and for sewers (\$4,000,000).

I cannot follow the various steps by which order was brought out of chaos, nor can I give special acknowledgment where it is manifestly due; but I can bear testimony to the unselfishness and faithfulness of a remarkable body of public officials and to a few of the things accomplished. To correct gross evils and restore good conditions is no slight task; but to substitute the best for the worst is a great achievement. This San Francisco has done in several marked instances.

There was a time when about the only thing we could boast was that we spent a *less* sum per capita than any city in the Union for the care of hospital patients. I remember hearing that fine citizen, Frederick Dohrmann, once say, "Every supervisor who has gone out of public service leaving our old County Hospital standing is guilty of a municipal crime." It was a disgrace of which we were

ashamed. The fire had spared the building, but the new supervisors did not. We now have one of the best hospitals in the country, admirably conducted.

177

Our City Prison is equally reversed. It was our shame; it is our pride. The old Almshouse was a discreditable asylum for the politician who chanced to superintend it. Today our "Relief Home" is a model for the country. In 1906 the city was destroyed because unprotected against fire. Today we are as safe as a city can be. In the meantime the reduced cost of insurance pays insured citizens a high rate of interest on the cost of our high-pressure auxiliary fire system. Our streets were once noted for their poor construction and their filthy condition. Recently an informed visitor has pronounced them the best to be found. We had no creditable boulevards or drives. Quietly and without bond expenditure we have constructed magnificent examples. Our school buildings were shabby and poor. Many now are imposing and beautiful.

This list could be extended; but turn for a moment to matters of manners. Where are the awful corner-groceries that helped the saloons to ruin men and boys, and where are the busy nickel-in-the-slot machines and shameless smokers in the street-cars? Where are the sellers of lottery tickets, where the horse-races and the open gambling?

It was my fortune to be re-elected for eight years. Sometimes I am impressed by how little I seem to have individually accomplished in this long period of time. One effect of experience is to modify one's expectations. It is 178 not nearly so easy to accomplish things as one who has not tried is apt to imagine. Reforming is not an easy process. Inertia is something really to be overcome, and one is often surprised to find how obstinate majorities can be. Initiative is a rare faculty and an average legislator must be content to follow. One can render good service sometimes by what he prevents. Again, he may finally fail in some good purpose through no fault of his own, and yet win something even in losing. Early in my term I was convinced that one thing that ought to be changed was our absurd liquor license. We had by far the lowest tax of any city in the Union, and naturally had the largest number of saloons. I tried to have the license raised from eighty-four dollars to one thousand dollars, hoping to reduce our twenty-four hundred saloons. I almost succeeded. When I failed the

liquor interest was so frightened at its narrow escape that it led the people to adopt a five-hundred-dollar substitute.

I was led to undertake the correction of grave abuses and confusion in the naming of the city streets. The post-office authorities were greatly hampered in the mail delivery by the duplicate use of names. The dignified word "avenue" had been conferred on many alleys. A commission worked diligently and efficiently. One set of numbered streets was eliminated. The names of men who had figured in the history of the city were given to streets bearing 179 their initials. Anza, Balboa, and Cabrillo gave meaning to A, B, and C. We gave Columbus an avenue, Lincoln a "way," and substituted for East Street the original name of the water-front, "The Embarcadero." In all we made more than four hundred changes and corrections.

There were occasional humorous incidents connected with this task. There were opposition and prejudice against names offered. Some one proposed a "St. Francis Boulevard." An apparently intelligent man asked why we wanted to perpetuate the name of "that old pirate." I asked, "Who do you think we have in mind?" He replied, "I suppose you would honor Sir Francis Drake." He seemed never to have heard of Saint Francis of Assisi.

It was predicted that the Taylor administration with its excellent record would be continued, but at the end of two years it went down to defeat and the Workingmen's party, with P. H. McCarthy as mayor, gained strong control. For two years, as a minority member, I enjoyed a different but interesting experience. It involved some fighting and preventive effort; but I found that if one fought fairly he was accorded consideration and opportunity. I introduced a charter amendment that seemed very desirable, and it found favor. The charter prescribed a two-year term for eighteen supervisors and their election each alternate year. Under the provision it was possible to have 180 every member without experience. By making the term four years and electing nine members every other year experience was assured, and the ballot would be half the length, a great advantage. It had seemed wise to me to allow the term of the mayor to remain two years, but the friends of Mayor McCarthy were so confident of his re-election that they insisted on a four-year term. As so amended

the matter went to the people and was adopted. At the following election Mayor James Rolph, Jr., was elected for four years, two of which were an unintentional gift of his political opponents.

I served for four years under the energetic Rolph, and they were fruitful ones. Most of the plans inaugurated by the Taylor board were carried out, and materially the city made great strides. The Exposition was a revelation of what was possible, and of the City Hall and the Civic Center we may well be proud.

Some of my supervisorial experiences were trying and some were amusing. Discussion was often relieved by rare bits of eloquence and surprising use of language. Pronunciation was frequently original and unprecedented. Amazing ignorance was unconcealed and the gift of gab was unrestrained. Nothing quite equaled in fatal facility a progress report made by a former member soon after his debut: "We think we shall soon be able to bring chaos out of the present disorder, now existing." On one of our trips of investigation the City 181 Engineer had remarked on the watershed. One of the members later cornered him and asked "Where is the watershed?" expecting to be shown a building that had escaped his attention.

A pleasant episode of official duty early in Rolph's term was an assignment to represent the city at a national municipal congress at Los Angeles. We were called upon, in connection with a study of municipal art, to make an exhibit of objects of beauty or ornament presented to the city by its citizens. We felt that San Francisco had been kindly dealt with, but were surprised at the extent and variety of the gifts. Enlarged sepia photographs of structures, monuments, bronzes, statuary, and memorials of all kinds were gathered and framed uniformly. There were very many, and they reflected great credit and taste. Properly inscribed, they filled a large room in Los Angeles and attracted much attention. Interest was enhanced by the cleverness of the young woman in charge. The general title of the collection was "Objects of Art Presented by its Citizens to the City of San Francisco." She left a space and over a conspicuous panel printed the inscription "Objects of Art Presented by its Citizens to the City of Los Angeles." The panel was empty. The ordinarily proud city had nothing to show.

Moses at Pisgah gazed upon the land he was not to enter. My Pisgah was reached at the 182 end of 1916. My halls of service were temporary. The new City Hall was not occupied until just after I had found my political Moab; the pleasure of sitting in a hall which is pronounced the most beautiful in America was not for me.

As I look back upon varied public service, I am not clear as to its value; but I do not regret having tried to do my part. My practical creed was never to seek and never to decline opportunity to serve. I feel that the effort to do what I was able to do hardly justified itself; but it always seemed worth trying, and I do not hold myself responsible for results. I am told that in parts of California infinitesimal diatoms from deposits five thousand feet in thickness. If we have but little to give we cannot afford not to give it.

CHAPTER VIII

AN INVESTMENT

ON the morning of October 18, 1850, there appeared in San Francisco's morning paper the following notice:

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

THERE will be Religious Services (Unitarian) on

Sunday Morning next, October 20th, at Simmons'

Athenæum Hall. Entrance on Commercial and Sacramento Streets.

A Discourse will be preached by

Rev. Charles A. Farley.

San Francisco at this time was a community very unlike any known to history. Two years before it is said to have numbered eight hundred souls, and two years before that about two hundred. During the year 1849, perhaps thirty thousand men had come from all over the world, of whom many went to the mines. The directory of that year contained twenty-five hundred names. By October, 1850, the population may have been twenty thousand. They were scattered thinly over a hilly and rough peninsula, chaparral-covered but for drifting sand and with few habitable valleys. From Pacific to California streets and from Dupont to the bay was the beginning of the city's business. A few streets were graded 184 and planked. Clay Street stretched up to Stockton. To the south mountains of sand filled the present Market Street, and protected by them nestled Happy Valley, reaching from First to Third streets and beyond Mission. In 1849 it was a city of tents. Wharves were pushing out into the bay. Long Wharf (Commercial Street) reached deep water about where Drumm Street now crosses it.

Among the motley argonauts were a goodly number of New Englanders, especially from Boston and Maine. Naturally some of them were Unitarians. It seems striking that so many of them were interested in holding serices. They had all left "home" within a year or so, and most of them expected to go back within two years with their respective fortunes. When it was learned that a real Unitarian minister was among them, they arranged for a service. The halls of the period were west of Kearny Street in Sacramento and California. They secured the Athenæum and gave notice in the *Alta California*.

It is significant that the day the notice appeared proved to be historical. The steamer "Oregon" was due, and it was hoped she would bring the news of favorable action by Congress on the application of California to be admitted into the Union. When in the early forenoon the steamer, profusely decorated with bunting, rounded Clark's Point assurance was given, and by the time she landed at

THOMAS STARR KING. SAN FRANCISCO, 1860-1864

185 Commercial and Drumm the town was wild with excitement. Eastern papers sold readily at a dollar a copy. All day and night impromptu celebrations continued. Unnumbered silk hats (commonly worn by professional men and leading merchants) were demolished and champagne

flowed freely. It should be remembered that thirty-nine days had elapsed since the actual admission, but none here had known it.

The Pilgrim Yankees must have felt like going to church now that California was a part of the Union and that another free state had been born. At any rate, the service conducted by Rev. Charles A. Farley was voted a great success. One man had brought a service-book and another a hymnbook. Four of the audience volunteered to lead the singing, while another played an accompaniment on the violin. After the services twenty-five men remained to talk things over, and arranged to continue services from week to week. On November 17, 1850, "The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco" was organized, Captain Frederick W. Macondray being made the first Moderator.

Mr. Farley returned to New England in April, 1851, and services were suspended. Then occurred two very serious fires, disorganizing conditions and compelling postponement. It was more than a year before an attempt was made to call another minister.

In May, 1852, Rev. Joseph Harrington was invited to take charge of the church. He came in 186 August and began services under great promise in the United States District Court building. A few weeks later he was taken alarmingly ill, and died on November 2d. It was a sad blow, but the society withstood it calmly and voted to complete the building it had begun in Stockton Street, near Sacramento. Rev. Frederic T. Gray, of Bulfinch Street Chapel, Boston, under a leave of absence for a year, came to California and dedicated the church on July 1, 1853. This was the beginning of continuous church services. On the following Sunday, Pilgrim Sunday-school was organized.

Mr. Gray, a kind and gentle soul, rendered good service in organizing the activities of the church. He was succeeded by Rev. Rufus P. Cutler, of Portland, Maine, a refined, scholarly man, who served for nearly five years. He resigned and sailed for New York in June, 1859. During his term the Sunday-school prospered under the charge of Samuel L. Lloyd.

Rev. J. A. Buckingham filled the pulpit for ten months preceding April 28, 1860, when Thomas Starr King arrived. The next day Mr. King faced a congregation that crowded the church to overflowing and won the warm and enthusiastic regard of all, including many new adherents. With

a winning personality, eloquent and brilliant, he was extraordinarily attractive as a preacher and as a man. He had great gifts and he was profoundly in earnest—a kindly, friendly, loving soul.

187

In 1861 I planned to pass through the city on Sunday with the possibility of hearing him. The church was crowded. I missed no word of his wonderful voice. He looked almost boyish, but his eyes and his bearing proclaimed him a man, and his word was thrilling. I heard him twice and went to my distant home with a blessed memory and an enlarged ideal of the power of a preacher. Few who heard him still survive, but a woman of ninety-three years who loves him well vividly recalls his second service that led to a friendship that lasted all his life.

In his first year he accomplished wonders for the church. He had felt on coming that in a year he should return to his devoted people in the Hollis Street Church of Boston. But when Fort Sumter was fired upon he saw clearly his appointed place. He threw himself into the struggle to hold California in the Union. He lectured and preached everywhere, stimulating patriotism and loyalty. He became a great national leader and the most influential person on the Pacific Coast. He turned California from a doubtful state to one of solid loyalty. Secession defeated, he accomplished wonders for the Sanitary Commission.

A large part of 1863 he gave to the building of the beautiful church in Geary street near Stockton. It was dedicated in January, 1864. He preached in it but seven Sundays, when he was attacked with a malady which in these 188 day is not considered serious but from which he died on March 4th, confirming a premonition that he would not live to the age of forty. He was very deeply mourned. It was regarded a calamity to the entire community. To the church and the denomination the loss seemed irreparable.

To Dr. Henry W. Bellows, of New York, the acknowledged Unitarian leader, was entrusted the selection of the one to fill the vacant pulpit. He knew the available men and did not hesitate. He notified Horatio Stebbins, of Portland, Maine, that he was called by the great disaster to give up the parish he loved and was satisfied to serve and take the post of the fallen leader on the distant shore.

Dr. Bellows at once came to San Francisco to comfort the bereaved church and to prepare the way for Mr. Stebbins, who in the meantime went to New York to minister to Dr. Bellows' people in his absence.

It was during the brief and brilliant ministry of Dr. Bellows that good fortune brought me to San Francisco.

Dr. Bellows was a most attractive preacher, persuasive and eloquent. His word and his manner were so far in advance of anything to which I was accustomed that they came as a revelation of power and beauty. I was entranced, and a new world of thought and feeling opened before me. Life itself took on a new meaning, and I realized the privilege 189 offered in such a church home. I joined without delay, and my connection has been uninterrupted from that day to this. For over fifty-seven years I have missed few opportunities to profit by its services. I speak of it not in any spirit of boasting, but in profound gratitude. Physical disability and absence from the city have both been rare. In the absence of reasons I have never felt like offering excuses.

Early in September, Horatio Stebbins and family arrived from New York, and Dr. Bellows returned to his own church. The installation of the successor of Starr King was an impressive event. The church building that had been erected by and for King was a beautiful and commodious building, but it would not hold all the people that sought to attend the installation of the daring man who came to take up the great work laid down by the preacher-patriot. He was well received, and a feeling of relief was manifest. The church was still in strong hands and the traditions would be maintained.

On September 9th Dr. Stebbins stood modestly but resolutely in the pulpit so sanctified by the memory of King. Few men have faced sharper trials and met them with more serenity and apparent lack of consciousness. It was not because of self-confidence or of failure to recognize what was before him. He knew very well what was implied in following such a man as Starr King, but he was so little concerned 190 with anything so comparatively unimportant as self-interest or so unessential as personal success that he was unruffled and calm. He indulged in no illusion of filling Mr. King's

place. He stood on his own feet to make his own place, and to do his own work in his own way, with such results as came, and he was undisturbed.

Toward the end of his life he spoke of always having preached from the level of his own mind. It was always true of him. He never strained for effect, or seemed unduly concerned for results. In one of his prayers he expresses his deep philosophy of life: "Help us, each one in his place, in the place which is providentially allotted to us in life, to act well our part, with consecrated will, with pure affection, with simplicity of heart—to do our duty, and to leave the rest to God." It was wholly in that spirit that Dr. Stebbins took up the succession of Thomas Starr King.

Personally, I was very glad to renew my early admiration for Mr. Stebbins, who had chosen his first parish at Fitchburg, adjoining my native town, and had always attracted me when he came to exchange with our minister. He was a strong, original, manly character, with great endowments of mind and heart. He was to enjoy a remarkable ministry of over thirty-five years and endear himself to all who knew him. He was a great preacher and a great man. He inspired confidence, and was 191 broad and generous. He served the community as well as his church, being especially influential in promoting the interests of education. He was a kindly and helpful man, and he was not burdened by his large duties and responsibilities, he was never hurried or harassed. He steadily pursued his placid way and built up a really great influence. He was, above all else, an inspirer of steadfast faith. With a great capacity for friendship, he was very generous in it, and was indulgent in judgment of those he liked. I was a raw and ignorant young man, but he opened his great heart to me and treated me like an equal. Twenty years difference in years seemed no barrier. He was fond of companionship in his travels, and I often accompanied him as he was called up and down the coast. In 1886 I went to the Boston May Meeting in his company and found delight in both him and it. He was a good traveler, enjoying the change of scene and the contact with all sorts of people. He was courteous and friendly with strangers, meeting them on their own ground with sympathy and understanding.

In his own home he was especially happy, and it was a great privilege to share his table-talk and hospitality, for he had a great fund of kindly humor and his speech was bright with homely

metaphor and apt allusions. Not only was he a great preacher, he was a leader, an inspirer, and a provoker of good.

192

What it meant to fall under the influence of such a man cannot be told. Supplementing the blessing was the association with a number of the best of men among the church adherents. Hardly second to the great and unearned friendship of Dr. Stebbins was that of Horace Davis, ten years my senior, and very close to Dr. Stebbins in every way. He had been connected with the church almost from the first and was a firm friend of Starr King. Like Dr. Stebbins, he was a graduate of Harvard. Scholarly, and also able in business, he typified sound judgment and common sense, was conservative by nature, but fresh and vigorous of mind. He was active in the Sunday-school. We also were associated in club life and as fellow directors of the Lick School. Our friendship was uninterrupted for more than fifty years. I had great regard for Mrs. Davis and many happy hours were passed in their home. Her interpretation of Beethoven was in my experience unequaled.

It is impossible even to mention the many men of character and conscience who were a helpful influence to me in my happy church life. Captain Levi Stevens was very good to me; C. Adolphe Low was one of the best men I ever knew; I had unbounded respect for Horatio Frost; Dr. Henry Gibbons was very dear to me; and Charles R. Bishop I could not but love. These few represent a host of noble associates. I would I could mention more of them.

HORATIO STEBBINS. SAN FRANCISCO, 1864-1900

193

We all greatly enjoyed the meetings of a Shakespeare Club that was sustained for more than twelve consecutive years among congenial friends in the church. We read half a play every other week, devoting the latter part of the evening to impromptu charades, in which we were utterly regardless of dignity and became quite expert.

At our annual picnics we joined in the enjoyment of the children. I recall my surprise and chagrin at having challenged Mr. Davis to a footrace at Belmont one year, giving him distance as an age handicap, and finding that I had overestimated the advantage of ten years difference.

In 1890 we established the Unitarian Club of California. Mr. Davis was the first president. For seventeen years it was vigorous and prosperous. We enjoyed a good waiting-list and twice raised the limit of membership numbers. It was then the only forum in the city for the discussion of subjects of public interest. Many distinguished visitors were entertained. Booker T. Washington was greeted by a large audience and so were Susan B. Anthony and Anna H. Shaw. As time passed, other organizations afforded opportunity for discussion, and numerous less formal church clubs accomplished its purpose in a simpler manner.

A feature of strength in our church has been the William and Alice Hinckley Fund, established in 1879 by the will of Captain 194 William C. Hinckley, under the counsel and advice of Dr. Stebbins. His wife had died, he had no children, and he wanted his property to be helpful to others. He appointed the then church trustees his executors and the trustees of an endowment to promote human beneficence and charity, especially commending the aged and lonely and the interests of education and religion. Shortly after coming to San Francisco, in 1850, he had bought a lot in Bush Street for sixty dollars. At the time of his death it was under lease to the California Theater Company at a ground rent of a thousand dollars a month. After long litigation, the will was sustained as to \$52,000, the full proportion of his estate allowed for charity. I have served as secretary of the trust fund for forty years. I am also surviving trustee for a library fund of \$10,000 and another charity fund of \$5000. These three funds have earned in interest more than \$105,000. We have disbursed for the purposes indicated \$92,000, and have now on hand as capital more than \$80,000, the interest on which we disburse annually. It has been my fortune to outlive the eight trustees appointed with me, and, also, eight since appointed to fill vacancies caused by death or removal.

We worshiped in the Geary and Stockton church for more than twenty-three years, and then concluded it was time to move from a business district to a residential section. We 195 sold

the building with the lot that had cost \$16,000 for \$120,000, and at the corner of Franklin and Geary streets built a fine church, costing, lot included, \$91,000. During construction we met in the Synagogue Emanu-El, and the Sunday-school was hospitably entertained in the First Congregational Church, which circumstances indicate the friendly relations maintained by our minister, who never arraigned or engaged in controversy with any other household of faith. In 1889 the new church was dedicated, Dr. Hedge writing a fine hymn for the occasion.

Dr. Stebbins generally enjoyed robust health, but in 1899 he was admonished that he must lay down the work he loved so well. In September of that year, at his own request, he was relieved from active service and elected Minister Emeritus. Subsequently his health improved, and frequently he was able to preach; but in 1900, with his family, he returned to New England, where he lived with a good degree of comfort at Cambridge, near his children, occasionally preaching, but gradually failing in health. He suffered severely at the last, and found final release on April 8, 1901.

Of the later history of the church I need say little. Recollections root in the remote. For thirteen years we were served by Rev. Bradford Leavitt, and for the past eight Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton has been our leader. The 196 noble traditions of the past have been followed and the place in the community has been fully maintained. The church has been a steady and powerful influence for good, and many a life has been quickened, strengthened, and made more abundant through its ministry. To me it has been a never-failing source of satisfaction and happiness.

I would also bear brief testimony to the Sunday-school. All my life I had attended Sunday-school, —the best available. I remember well the school in Leominster and the stories told by Deacon Cotton and others. I remember my teacher in Boston. Coming to California I took what I could get, first the little Methodist gathering and then the more respectable Presbyterian. When in early manhood I came to San Francisco I entered the Bible-class at once. The school was large and vigorous. The attendance was around four hundred. Lloyd Baldwin, an able lawyer, was my first teacher, and a good one, but very soon I was induced to take a class of small boys. They were very bright and too quick for a youth from the country. One Sunday we chanced to have as a lesson the healing of the daughter of Jairus. In the gospel account the final word was the injunction: “Jesus

charged them that they tell no man.” In all innocence I asked the somewhat leading question: “What did Jesus charge them?” Quick as a flash one of the boys answered, “He didn’t charge them a cent.” It 197 was so pat and so unexpected that I could not protest at the levity.

In the Sunday-school library I met Charles W. Wendte, then a clerk in the Bank of California. He had been befriended and inspired by Starr King and soon turned from business and studied for the ministry. He is now a D.D. and has a long record of valuable service.

In 1869 J. C. A. Hill became superintendent of the school and appointed me his assistant. Four years later he returned to New Hampshire, much to our regret, and I succeeded him. With the exception of the two years that Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., was assistant to Dr. Stebbins, and took charge of the school, I served until 1914.

Very many pleasant memories cluster around my connection with the Sunday-school. The friendships made have been enduring. The beautiful young lives lured me on in service that never grew monotonous, and I have been paid over and over again for all I ever gave. It is a great satisfaction to feel that five of our nine church trustees are graduates of the Sunday-school. I attended my first Christmas festival of the Sunday-school in Platt’s Hall in 1864, and I have never missed one since. Fifty-seven consecutive celebrations incidentally testify to unbroken health.

In looking back on what I have gained from the church, I am impressed with the fact that the association with the fine men and women 198 attending it has been a very important part of my life. Good friends are of untold value, and inspiration is not confined to the spoken words of the minister. Especially am I impressed with the stream of community helpfulness that has flowed steadily from our church all these years. I wish I dared to refer to individual instances—but they are too many. Finally, I must content myself with acknowledgment of great obligation for all I have profited from and enjoyed in church affiliation. I cannot conceive how any man can afford not to avail himself of the privilege of standing by some church. As an investment I am assured that nothing pays better and surer interest. Returns are liberal, dividends are never passed, and capital never depreciates.

CHAPTER IX

BY-PRODUCT

IN the conduct of life we select, or have assigned, certain measures of activity upon which we rely for our support and the self-respect that follows the doing of our part. This we call our business, and if we are wise we attend to it and prosecute it with due diligence and application. But it is not all of life, and its claim is not the only call that is made upon us. Exclusive interest and devotion to it may end in the sort of success that robs us of the highest value, so that, however much substance we accumulate, we are failures as men. On the other hand, we take risks if we slight its just demands and scatter our powers on miscellaneous interests. Whatever its value, every man, in addition to what he primarily produces, turns out some by-product. If it is worth anything, he may be thankful and add the amount to total income.

The extracts of which this chapter is composed are selections from the editorial columns of *The Pacific Unitarian*, submitted not as exhibits in the case of achievement, but as indicating the convictions I have formed on the way of life.

200

THE BEGINNING

THIRTY years ago, a fairly active Sunday-school was instigated to publish a monthly journal, nominally for all the organizations of the First Unitarian Society. It was not expected to be of great benefit, except to the school. After a year and a half it was adopted by the Conference, its modest name, *The Guidon*, being expanded to *The Pacific Unitarian*. Its number of pages was increased to thirty-two.

Probably the most remarkable circumstance connected with it is that it has lived. The fact that it has enjoyed the opportunity of choice between life and death is quite surprising. Other journals have had to die. It has never been easy to live, or absolutely necessary to die.

Anyhow, we have the thirty years of life to look back upon and take satisfaction in. We are grateful for friends far and near, and generous commendation has been pleasant to receive, whether it has been justified or not.

CHRISTIANITY

WE realize more and more truly that Christianity in its spirit is a very different thing from Christianity as a theological structure formulated by the makers of the creed. The amazing thing is that such a misconception of the message of Jesus as has generally prevailed has given us a civilization so creditable. The early councils were incapable of being led by the 201 spirit of Jesus. They were prejudiced by their preconceptions of the character of God and the nature of religion, and evolved a scheme of salvation to fit past conceptions instead of accepting as real the love of God and of man that Jesus added to the religion of his fathers. Even the Christianity they fashioned has not been fairly tried. The Christianity that Jesus proclaimed, a call to trust, to love, and spiritual life, has hardly been tried at all. We seem just to be awakening to what it is, and to its application to the art of living.

THE PRODIGAL's FATHER

WHAT a difference in the thought of God and in the joy of life would have followed had the hearers of Jesus given the parable of the Prodigal Son its full significance! They would then have found in the happy, loving father and his full forgiveness of the son who "came to himself" a type of the Heavenly Father. The shadow of the olden fear still persists, chilling human life. We do not trust the love of God and bear life's burdens with cheerful courage. From lurking fear of the jealous king of Hebrew tradition, we are even afraid to be happy when we might. We fail of faith in the reality of God's love. We forget the robe, the ring, the overflowing joy of the earthly father, not earned by the prodigal, but given from complete love. The thing best worth while is faith in the love of God.

If it be lacking, perhaps the best way to gain it is to assume it—to act on the basis of its existence, putting aside our doubts, and giving whatever love we have in our own hearts a chance to strengthen.

WHITSUNTIDE

WHITSUNTIDE is a church season that too often fails to receive due acknowledgment or recognition. It is, in observance, a poor third. Christmas is largely diverted to a giving of superfluous gifts, and is popular from the wide-felt interest in the happiness of children. Easter we can not forget, for it celebrates the rising or the risen life, and is marked by the fresh beauty of a beautiful world. To appreciate the pentecostal season and to care for spiritual inspiration appeals to the few, and to those few on a higher plane. But of all that religion has to give, it represents the highest gift, and it has to do with the world's greatest need.

Spiritual life is the most precious of possessions, the highest attainment of humanity. Happy are we if our better spirit be quickened, if our hearts be lifted up, and our wills be strengthened, that worthy life may bring peace and joy!

WHY THE CHURCH?

WE cannot deny the truth that the things of the spirit are of first importance; but when it comes to living we seem to belie our convictions. We live as though we thought the spirit 203 a doubtful matter. There are those who take pride in calling themselves materialists, but they are hardly as hopeless as those who are so indifferent that they have no opinion whatever. The man who thinks and cares is quite apt to come out right, but the mindless animal who only enjoys develops no recognizable soul. The seeking first is not in derogation of any true manhood. It is the full life, the whole life, that we are to compass—but life subordinated and controlled by the spirit, the spirit that recognizes the distinction between right and wrong. Those who choose the right and bend all else to it, are of the Kingdom. That is all that righteousness means.

The church has no monopoly of righteousness, but it is of immense importance in cultivating the religious spirit, and cannot safely be dispensed with. And so it must be strongly supported and made efficient. To those who know true values this is an investment that cannot safely be ignored. To it we should give generously of our money, but equally generously we should give ourselves—our presence, our co-operation, our loyal support of our leaders, our constant effort to hold it to high ideals. If it is to give life, it must have life, and whatever life it has is the aggregation of our collected and consecrated lives.

The church called Christian cannot win by holding its old trenches. It must advance to the line that stretches from our little fortress 204 where the flag of Reason and Religion defiantly floats. Shall we retreat? No; it is for us to hold the fort at all costs, not for our sake alone, but for the army of humanity.

We believe in God and we believe in man. As President Eliot lately put it, “We believe in the principles of a simple, practical, and democratic religion. We are meeting ignorance, not with contempt, but with knowledge. We are meeting dogmatism and superstition, not with impatience, but with truth. We are meeting sin and injustice, not with abuse, but with good-will and high idealism. We have the right message for our time.” To the church that seems to us to most nearly realize these ideals, it is our bounden duty, and should be our glad privilege, to present ourselves a reasonable sacrifice, that we may do our part in bringing in God's Kingdom.

THE CHURCH AND PROGRESS

REFORMS depend upon reformed men. Perhaps the greater need is *formed* men. As we survey the majority of men around us, they seem largely unconscious of what they really are and of the privileges and responsibilities that appertain to manhood. It must be that men are better, and more, than they seem. Visit a baseball game or a movie. The crowds seem wholly irresponsible, and, except in the pleasure or excitement sought, utterly uninterested—apparently without principle or purpose. And 205 yet, when called upon to serve their country, men will go to the ends of the world, and place no limit on the sacrifice freely made for the general good. They are better than

they seem, and in ways we know not of possess a sense of justice and a love of right which they found we know not where.

This is encouraging, but must not relieve us from doing our utmost to inform more fully every son of man of his great opportunity and responsibility, and also of inspiring him to use his life to his and our best advantage.

It is so evident that world-welfare rests upon individual well-being that we cannot escape the conviction that the best thing any one of us can do is to help to make our fellow-men better and happier. And the part of wisdom is to organize for the power we gain.

It would seem that the church should be the most effective agency for promoting individual worth and consequent happiness. Is it?—and if not, why not? We are apt to say we live in a new age, forgetting how little change of form matters. Human nature, with its instincts and desires, love of self, and the general enjoyment of, and through, possessions, is so little changed that differences in condition and circumstance have only a modifying influence. It is man, the man within, that counts—not his clothing.

But it is true that human institutions do undergo great changes, and nothing intimate 206 and important has suffered greater changes than the church. Religion itself, vastly more important than the church, has changed and is changing. Martineau's illuminating classification helps us to realize this. The first expression, the pagan, was based on fear and the idea of winning favor by purchase, giving something to God—it might be burnt-offerings—for his good-will. Then came the Jewish, the ethical, the thought of doing, rather than giving. Righteousness earns God's favor. The higher conception blossomed into Christianity with its trust in the love of God and of serving him and fellowman, self-sacrifice being the highest expression of harmony with him. Following this general advance from giving and doing to being, we have the altar, the temple, and the church.

THE GENUINE UNITARIAN

UNITARIANS owe first allegiance to the Kingdom of God on earth. It is of little consequence through which door it is entered. If any other is nearer or broader or more attractive, use it. We offer ours for those who prefer it or who find others not to be entered without a password they cannot pronounce.

A Unitarian who merely says he is one thereby gives no satisfactory evidence that he is. There are individuals who seem to think they are Unitarians because they are nothing else. They regard Unitarianism as the next to nothing in its requirement of belief, losing all sight of the fact that even one real belief exceeds, and may be more difficult than, many half-beliefs and hundreds of make-beliefs, and that a Unitarian church made up of those who have discarded all they thought they believed and became Unitarian for its bald negations is to be pitied and must be patiently nurtured.

As regards our responsibility for the growth of Unitarianism, we surely cannot fail to recognize it, but it should be clearly qualified by our recognition of the object in view. To regard Unitarianism as an end to be pursued for its own sake does not seem compatible with its own true spirit. The church itself is an instrument, and we are in right relation when we give the Unitarian church our preference, as, to us, the best instrument, while we hold first allegiance to the idealism for which it stands and to the goodness it seeks to unfold in the heart of man.

Nor would we seek growth at any sacrifice of high quality or purpose. We do not expect large numbers and great popular applause. Unitarians are pioneers, and too independent and discriminating to stir the feverish pulse of the multitude. We seek the heights, and it is our concern to reach them and hold them for the few that struggle up. Loaves and fishes we have not to offer, nor can we promise wealth and health as an attractive by-product of righteousness.

There is no better service that anyone can render than to implant higher ideals in the breast of another. In the matter of religious education as sought through the ordinary Sunday-school, no one who has had any practical experience has ever found it easy, or kept free from doubt as to its being sufficiently efficacious to make it worth while. But the problem is to recognize the difficulty,

face all doubts, and stand by. Perfect teachers are impossible, satisfactory ones are not always to be had. If they are not dissatisfied with themselves, they are almost always unfit. But as between doing the best you can and doing nothing at all, it would seem that self-respect and a sense of deep responsibility would leave no recourse. There is no place for a shirker or a quitter in a real Unitarian church.

HAVE WE DONE OUR WORK?

NOW and then some indifferent Unitarian expresses doubt as to the future value of our particular church. There are those who say, “Why should we keep it up? Have we not done our work?” We have seen our original protests largely effective, and rejoice that more liberal and generous, and, we believe, more just and true, religious convictions prevail; but have we been constructive and strengthening? And until we have made our own churches fully free and fruitful in spiritual life are we absolved from the call to service?

Have we earned our discharge from the army 209 of life? Shall we be deserters or slackers? We ask no man to fight with us if his loyalty to any other corps is stronger, but to fight *somewhere* —to do his part for God and his fellow-men wherever he can do the most effective service.

We are not Unitarians first. We are not even Christians first. We are human first, seeking the best in humanity, in our appointed place in a civilization that finds its greatest inspiration in the leadership of Jesus of Nazareth, we are next Christian, and we are finally Unitarians because for us their point of view embodies most truly the spirit that animated his teachings and his life.

And so we appeal to those who really, not nominally, are of our household of faith to feel that it is best worth while to stand by the nearest church and to support it generously, that it may do its part in soul service and world welfare, and also to encourage it and give it more abundant life through attendance and participation in its activities.

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

IT is well for each soul, in the multiplicity of questions besetting him, to deliberately face them and determine what is of first importance. Aspects are so diverse and bewildering that if we do not reduce them to some order, giving them rank, we are in danger of becoming purposeless drifters on the sea of life.

What is the most important thing in life? 210 What shall be our aim and purpose, as we look about us, observing our fellows—what they have accomplished and what they are—what commends itself to us as best worth while? And what course can we pursue to get the most and the best out of it?

We find a world of infinite diversity in conditions, in aims, and in results. One of the most striking differences is in regard to what we call success. We are prone to conclude that he who is prosperous in the matter of having is the successful man. Possessing is the proof of efficiency, and he who possesses little has measurably failed in the main object of life. This conclusion has a measure of truth, but is not wholly true. We see not a few instances of utter poverty of life concurrent with great possessions, and are forced to conclude that the real value of possessions is dependent on what they bring us. Merely to have is of no advantage. Indeed it may be a burden or a curse. Happiness is at least desirable, but it has no necessary connection with property accumulations. They may make it possible, but they never insure it. Possession may be an incident, but seldom is a cause.

If we follow this thought further we shall find that in the accepted methods of accumulation arise many of the causes of current misery and unhappiness. Generally he who is said to succeed pays a price, and a large one, for the prosperity he achieves. To be conspicuously 211 successful commonly involves a degree of selfishness that is almost surely damaging. Often injustice and unfairness are added to the train of factors, and dishonesty and absence of decency give the finishing touch. Every dollar tinged with doubt is a moral liability. If it has been wrested from its rightful owner through fraud or force of opportunity, it would better be at the bottom of the sea.

THE BEST IN LIFE

THE power and practical irresponsibility of money have ruined many a man, and the misuse of wealth has left unused immense opportunity for good. It has coined a word that has become abhorrent, and “Capitalism” has, in the minds of the suspicious, become the all-sufficient cause of everything deplorable in human conditions. No true-hearted observer can conclude that the first consideration of life should be wealth. On the other hand, no right-minded person will ignore the desirability and the duty of judiciously providing the means for a reasonable degree of comfort and self-respect, with a surplus for the furtherance of human welfare in general, and the relief of misfortune and suffering. Thrift is a virtue; greed is a vice. Reasonable possession is a commendable and necessary object. The unrestrained avarice that today is making cowards of us all is an unmeasured curse, a world-wide disgrace that threatens civilization.

212

In considering ends of life we cannot ignore those who consider happiness as adequate. Perhaps there are few who formulate this, but there are many who seem to give it practical assent. They apparently conform their lives to this butterfly estimate, and, in the absence of any other purpose, rest satisfied. Happiness is indeed a desirable condition, and in the highest sense, where it borders on blessedness, may be fairly termed “the end and aim of being.” But on the lower stretches of the senses, where it becomes mere enjoyment or pleasure, largely concerned with amusement and self-indulgence of various sorts, it becomes parasitic, robbing life of its strength and flavor and preventing its development and full growth. It is insidious in its deterioration and omnivorous in its appetite. It tends to habits that undermine and to the appropriation of a preponderating share of the valueless things of life. The danger is in the unrestrained appetite, in intemperance that becomes habit. Pleasure is exhausting of both purse and mind. We naturally crave pleasant experiences, and we need a certain amount of relaxation. The danger is in overindulgence and indigestion resulting in spiritual invalidism. Let us take life sanely, accepting pleasures gratefully but moderately.

But what *is* best in life? Why, life itself. Life is opportunity. Here it is, around us, offered to us. We are free to take what we can or what we like. We have the great privilege of choice, 213 and life's ministry to us depends on what we take and what we leave.

We are providentially assigned our place, whatever it is, but in no fixed sense of its being final and unalterable. The only obligation implied is that of acceptance until it can be bettered.

Our moral responsibility is limited to our opportunity, and the vital question is the use we make of it. The great fact of life is that we are spiritual beings. Religion has to do with soul existence and is the field of its development. It is concerned primarily with being and secondly with doing. It is righteousness inspired by love. It is recognition of our responsibilities to do God's will.

Hence the best life is that which accepts life as opportunity, and faithfully, happily seeks to make the most of it. It seeks to follow the right, and to do the best it can, in any circumstances. It accepts all that life offers, enjoying in moderation its varied gifts, but in restraint of self-indulgence, and with kindly consideration of others. It subordinates its impulses to the apprehended will of God, bears trials with fortitude, and trusts eternal good.

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

ONE of the most impressive sights in the natural world is the difficulties resisted and overcome by a tree in its struggle for life. On the very summit of the Sentinel Dome, over eight 214 thousand feet above sea-level, there is rooted in the apparently solid granite a lone pine two feet in diameter. It is not tall, for its struggle with the wind and snow has checked its aspirations, but it is sturdy and vigorous, while the wonder is that it ever established and maintained life at all. Where it gains its nourishment is not apparent. Disintegrated granite seems a hard diet, but it suffices, for the determined tree makes the best of the opportunities offered. Like examples abound wherever a crevice holds any soil whatever. In a niche of El Capitan, more than a thousand feet from the valley's floor, grows a tree a hundred feet high. A strong glass shows a single tree on the crest of Half Dome. Such persistence is significant, and it enforces a lesson we very much need.

Reason should not be behind instinct in making the most of life. While man is less rigidly conditioned and may modify his environment, he, too, may nourish his life by using to the full

whatever nutriment is offered. Lincoln has been characterized as a man who made the most of his life. Perhaps his greatness consisted mostly in that.

We are inclined to blame conditions and circumstances for failures that result from our lack of effort. We lack in persistence, we resent disparity in the distribution of talents, we blink at responsibility, and are slothful and trifling. Our life is a failure from lack of will.

215

Who are we that we should complain that life is hard, or conclude that it is not better so? Why do we covet other opportunities instead of doing the best with those we have? What is the glory of life but to accept it with such satisfaction as we can command, to enjoy what we have a right to, and to use all it offers for its upbuilding and fulfillment?

BEING RIGHT

HOW evident it is that much more than good intentions is needed in one who would either maintain self-respect or be of any use in his daily life! It is not easy to be good, but it is often less easy to be right. It involves an understanding that presupposes both ability and effort. Intelligence, thinking, often studious consideration, are necessary to give a working hypothesis of what is best. It is seldom that anything is so simple that without careful thought we can be sure that one course is right and another wrong. Perhaps, after we have weighed all that is ponderable, we can only determine which seems the better course of action. Being good may help our judgment. Doing right is the will of God.

PATRIOTISM

“LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.” Abraham Lincoln had a marvelous aptitude for condensed statement, and in this compact sentence from his Cooper Union address expresses the very essence of the appeal that is made to us today. We can find no more fundamental slogan and no nobler one.

Whatever the circumstances presented and whatever the immediate result will be, we are to dare to do our duty as we understand it. And we are so to dare and so to do in complete faith that right makes might and in utter disregard of fear that might may triumph. The only basis of true courage is faith, and our trust must be in right, in good, in God.

We live in a republic that sustains itself through the acceptance by all of the will of the majority, and to talk of despotism whenever the authority necessary for efficiency is exercised, and that with practically unanimous concurrence, is wholly unreasonable. A man who cannot yield allegiance to the country in which he lives should either be silent and inactive or go to some country where his sympathy corresponds with his loyalty.

CHAPTER X

CONCERNING PERSONS

As years increase we more and more value the personal and individual element in human life. Character becomes the transcendent interest and friends are our chief assets. As I approach the end of my story of memories I feel that the most interesting feature of life has been the personal. I wish I had given more space to the people I have known. Fortune has favored me with friends worth mentioning and of acquaintances, some of whom I must introduce.

Of Horatio Stebbins, the best friend and strongest influence of my life, I have tried to express my regard in a little book about to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. It will be procurable from our San Francisco Unitarian Headquarters. That those who may not see it may know something of my feeling, I reprint a part of an editorial written when he died.

HORATIO STEBBINS

THE thoughts that cluster around the memory of Horatio Stebbins so fill the mind that nothing else can be considered until some expression is made of them, and yet the impossibility of any adequate statement is so evident that it seems hopeless to begin. The event of his death was not

unexpected. It has been imminent and threatening for years. His feebleness and the intense suffering of his later days relieve the grief that must be felt, and there springs by its side gratitude that rest and peace have come to him. And yet to those who loved him the world seems not quite the same since he has gone from it. There is an underlying feeling of something missing, of loss not to be overcome, that must be borne to the end.

In my early boyhood Horatio Stebbins was “the preacher from Fitchburg”—original in manner and matter, and impressive even to a boy. Ten years passed, and our paths met in San Francisco. From the day he first stood in the historic pulpit as successor of that gifted preacher and patriot, Starr King, till his removal to Cambridge, few opportunities for hearing him were neglected by me. His influence was a great blessing, association with him a delight, his example an inspiration, and his love the richest of undeserved treasures.

Dr. Stebbins was ever the kindest of men, and his friendliness and consideration were not confined to his social equals. Without condescension, he always had a kind word for the humblest people. He was as gentlemanly and courteous to a hackdriver as he would be to a college president. None ever heard him speak severely or impatiently to a servant. He was 219 considerate by nature, and patient from very largeness. He never harbored an injury, and by his generosity and apparent obliviousness or forgetfulness of the unpleasant past he often put to shame those who had wronged him. He was at times stern, and was always fearless in uttering what he felt to be the truth, whether it was to meet with favor or with disapproval from his hearers.

As a friend he was loyalty itself, and for the slightest service he was deeply appreciative and grateful. He was the most charitable of men, and was not ashamed to admit that he had often been imposed upon.

Of his rank as a thinker and a preacher I am not a qualified judge, but he surely was great of heart and strong of mind. He was a man of profound faith, and deeply religious in a strong, manly way. He inspired others by his trust and his unquestioned belief in the reality of spiritual things. He never

did anything for effect; his words fell from his lips in tones of wonderful beauty to express the thought and feeling that glowed within.

Noble man, great preacher, loving friend! thou art not dead, but translated to that higher life of which no doubt ever entered thy trusting mind!

HORACE DAVIS

HORACE DAVIS was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on March 16, 1831. His father was John Davis, who served as Governor of 220 Massachusetts and as United States Senator. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, one of the pioneers of the Unitarian ministry.

Horace Davis graduated at Harvard in the class of 1849. He began the study of the law, but his eyes failed, and in 1852 he came to California to seek his fortune. He first tried the mines, starting a store at Shaw's Flat. When the venture failed he came to San Francisco and sought any employment to be found. He began by piling lumber, but when his cousin, Isaac Davis, found him at it he put him aboard one of his coasting schooners as supercargo. Being faithful and capable, he was sought by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was for several years a good purser. He and his brother George had loaned their savings to a miller, and were forced to take over the property. Mr. Davis become the accepted authority on wheat and the production of flour, and enjoyed more than forty years of leadership in the business which he accidentally entered.

He was always a public-spirited citizen, and in 1877 was elected to Congress, serving for two terms. He proved too independent and unmanageable for the political leaders of the time and was allowed to return to private life.

In 1887 he was urged to accept the presidency of the University of California, and for three years he discharged the duties of the office with credit.

His interest in education was always great, and he entered with ardor and intelligence into the discharge of his duties as a trustee of the School of Mechanical Arts established by the will of James Lick. As president of the board, he guided its course, and was responsible for the large plan for co-operation and co-ordination by which, with the Wilmerding School and the Lux School (of which he was also a leading trustee), a really great endowed industrial school under one administrative management has been built up in San Francisco. A large part of his energy was devoted to this end, and it became the strongest desire of his life to see it firmly established. He also served for many years as a trustee for Stanford University, and for a time was president of the board. To the day of his death (in July, 1916) he was active in the affairs of Stanford, and was also deeply interested in the University of California. The degree of LL.D. was conferred by the University of the Pacific, by Harvard, and by the University of California.

From his earliest residence in San Francisco he was a loyal and devoted supporter of the First Unitarian Church and of its Sunday-school. For over sixty years he had charge of the Bible-class, and his influence for spiritual and practical Christianity has been very great. He gave himself unsparingly for the cause of religious education, and never failed to prepare himself for his weekly ministration. 222 For eight years he served on the board of trustees of the church and for seven years was moderator of the board.

Under the will of Captain Hinckley he was made a trustee of the William and Alice Hinckley Fund, and for thirty-seven years took an active interest in its administration. At the time of his death he was its president. He was deeply interested in the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, and contributed munificently to its foundation and maintenance.

Mr. Davis preserved his youth by the breadth of his sympathies. He seemed to have something in common with everyone he met; was young with the young. In his talks to college classes he was always happy, with a simplicity and directness that attracted close attention, and a sense of humor that lighted up his address.

His domestic life was very happy. His first wife, the daughter of Captain Macondray, for many years an invalid, died in 1872. In 1875 he married Edith King, the only daughter of Thomas Starr King, a woman of rare personal gifts, who devoted her life to his welfare and happiness. She died suddenly in 1909. Mr. Davis, left alone, went steadily on. His books were his constant companions and his friends were always welcome. He would not own that he was lonely. He kept occupied; he had his round of duties, attending to his affairs, and the administration of various benevolent trusts, 223 and he had a large capacity for simple enjoyments. He read good books; he was hospitably inclined; he kept in touch with his old associates; he liked to meet them at luncheon at the University Club or at the monthly dinner of the Chit-Chat Club, which he had seldom missed in thirty-nine years of membership. He was punctilious in the preparation of his biennial papers, always giving something of interest and value. His intellectual interest was wide. He was a close student of Shakespeare, and years ago printed a modest volume on the Sonnets. He also published a fine study of the Ministry of Jesus, and a discriminating review of the American Constitutions.

Mr. Davis was a man of profound religious feeling. He said little of it, but it was a large part of his life. On his desk was a volume of Dr. Stebbins' prayers, the daily use of which had led to the reading again and again of the book he very deeply cherished.

He was the most loyal of friends—patient, appreciative beyond deserts, kindly, and just. The influence for good of such a man is incalculable. One who makes no pretense of virtue, but simply lives uprightly as a matter of course, who is genuine and sound, who does nothing for effect, who shows simple tastes, and is not greedy for possessions, but who looks out for himself and his belongings in a prudent, self-respecting way, who takes what comes without complaint, who believes in the 224 good and shows it by his daily course, who is never violent and desperate, but calmly tries to do his part to make his fellows happier and the world better, who trusts in God and cheerfully bears the trials that come, who holds on to life and its opportunities, without repining if he be left to walk alone, and who faces death with the confidence of a child who trusts in a Father's love and care—such a man is blessed himself and is a blessing to his fellow-men.

A MEMORY OF EMERSON

IN 1871 Ralph Waldo Emerson visited California. He was accompanied by his daughter Ellen, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the new scenes and new experiences. He visited the Yosemite Valley and other points of interest, and was persuaded to deliver a number of lectures. His first appearance before a California audience was at the Unitarian church, then in Geary Street near Stockton, on a Sunday evening, when he read his remarkable essay on "Immortality," wherein he spoke of people who talk of eternity and yet do not know what to do with a day. The church was completely filled and the interest to hear him seemed so great that it was determined to secure some week-day lectures if possible. In company with Horace Davis, who enjoyed his acquaintance, I called on him at the Occidental Hotel. He was the most approachable of men—as simple and kindly in his manner as could be imagined, and

HORACE DAVIS—FIFTY YEARS A FRIEND

HARVARD UNIVERSITY WHEN HE ENTERED

225 putting one at ease with that happy faculty which only a true gentleman possesses. His features are familiar from the many published pictures, but no one who had not met his smiling eyes can realize the charm of his personality.

His talk was delightfully genial. I asked him if his journey had been wearisome. "Not at all," he replied; "I have enjoyed it all." The scenery seemed to have impressed him deeply. "When one crosses your mountains," he said, "and sees their wonderful arches, one discovers how architecture came to be invented." When asked if he could favor us with some lectures, he smiled and said: "Well, my daughter thought you might want something of that kind, and put a few in my trunk, in case of an emergency." When it came to dates, it was found that he was to leave the next day for a short trip to the Geysers, and it was difficult to arrange the course of three, which had been fixed upon, after his return. It was about eleven o'clock when we called. I asked him if he could give us one of the lectures that evening. He smiled and said, "Oh, yes," adding, "I don't know what you can do here, but in Boston we could not expect to get an audience on such short notice." We assured

him that we felt confident in taking the chances on that. Going at once to the office of the *Evening Bulletin*, we arranged for a good local notice, and soon had a number of small boys distributing announcements in the business streets.

226

The audience was a good one in point of numbers, and a pleased and interested one. His peculiar manner of reading a few pages, and then shuffling his papers, as though they were inextricably mixed, was embarrassing at first, but when it was found that he was not disturbed by it, and that it was not the result of an accident, but a characteristic manner of delivery, the audience withheld its sympathy and rather enjoyed the novelty and the feeling of uncertainty as to what would come next. One little incident of the lecture occasioned an admiring smile. A small bunch of flowers had been placed on the reading-desk, and by some means, in one of his shuffles, they were tipped over and fell forward to the floor. Not at all disconcerted, he skipped nimbly out of the pulpit, picked up the flowers, put them back in the vase, replaced it on the desk, and went on with the lecture as though nothing had happened.

He was much interested in the twenty-dollar gold pieces in which he was paid, never before having met with that form of money. His encouraging friendliness of manner quite removed any feeling that a great man's time was being wasted through one's intercourse. He gossiped pleasantly of men and things as though talking with an equal. On one occasion he seemed greatly to enjoy recounting how cleverly James Russell Lowell imitated Alfred Tennyson's reading of his own poems. Over the Sunday-school of our church Starr King 227 had provided a small room where he could retire and gain seclusion. It pleased Emerson. He said, "I think I should enjoy a study beyond the orbit of the servant girl." He was as self-effacing a man as I ever knew, and the most agreeable to meet.

After his return from his short trip he gave two or three more lectures, with a somewhat diminishing attendance. Dr. Stebbins remarked in explanation, "I thought the people would tire in the sockets of their wings if they attempted to follow *him*."

At this distance, I can remember little that he said, but no distance of time or space can ever dim the delight I felt in meeting him, or the impression formed of a most attractive, penetrating, and inspiring personality.

His kindness and geniality were unbounded. During our arrangement of dates Mr. Davis smiled as he said of one suggested by Mr. Emerson, "That would not be convenient for Mr. Murdock, for it is the evening of his wedding." He did not forget it. After the lecture, a few days later, he turned to me and asked, "Is she here?" When I brought my flattered wife, he chatted with her familiarly, asking where she had lived before coming to California, and placing her wholly at ease.

Every tone of his voice and every glance of his eye suggested the most absolute serenity. He seemed the personification of calm wisdom. Nothing disturbed him, nothing depressed him. He was as serene and unruffled as a morning in June. He radiated kindness from a heart at peace with all mankind. His gentleness of manner was an illustration of the possibility of beauty in conduct. He was wholly self-possessed—to imagine him in a passion would be impossible. His word was searching, but its power was that of the sunbeam and not of the blast. He was above all teapot tempests, a strong, tender, fearless, trustful *man*.

JULIA WARD HOWE

JULIA WARD HOWE is something more than a noble memory. She has left her impress on her time, and given a new significance to woman-hood. To hear the perfect music of the voice of so cultivated a woman is something of an education, and to have learned how gracious and kindly a great nature really is, is an experience well worth cherishing. Mrs. Howe was wonderfully alive to a wide range of interests—many-sided and sympathetic. She could take the place of a minister and speak effectively from deep conviction and a wide experience, or talk simply and charmingly to a group of school-children.

When some years later than her San Francisco visit she spoke at a King's Chapel meeting in Boston, growing feebleness was apparent, but the same gracious spirit was undimmed. Later pictures have

been somewhat pathetic. We do not enjoy being reminded of 229 mortality in those of pre-eminent spirit, but what a span of events and changes her life records, and what a part in it all she had borne! When one ponders on the inspiring effect of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and of the arms it nerved and the hearts it strengthened, and on the direct blows she struck for the emancipation of woman, it seems that there has been abundant answer to her prayer, "As He died to make men holy, Let us die to make men free."

TIMOTHY H. REARDEN

IN glancing back, I can think of no more charming man than Timothy Rearden. He had a most attractive personality, combining rare intelligence and kindly affection with humor and a modesty that left him almost shy. He was scholarly and brilliant, especially in literature and languages. His essays and studies in Greek attracted world-acknowledgment, but at home he was known chiefly as a genial, self-effacing lawyer, not ambitious for a large practice and oblivious of position, but happy in his friends and in delving deep into whatever topic in the world of letters engaged his interest.

He was born in Ohio in 1839 and graduated from the Cleveland High School and from Kenyon College. He served in the Civil War and came to California in 1866. He was a fellow-worker with Bret Harte in the *Mint*, and also on the *Overland Monthly*, contributing 230 "Favoring Female Conventualism" to the first number. He was a sound lawyer, but hid with his elders until 1872, when he opened his own office. He was not a pusher, but his associates respected and loved him, so that when in 1883 the governor was called upon to appoint a judge, and, embarrassed by the number of candidates, he called upon the Bar Association to recommend someone, they took a vote and two-thirds of them named Rearden. He served on the bench for eight years.

He was a favorite member of the Chit-Chat Club for many years and wrote many brilliant essays, a volume of which was printed in 1893. The first two he gave were "Francis Petrarch" and "Burning Sappho." Among the most charming was "Ballads and Lyrics," which was illustrated by the equally charming singing of representative selections by Mrs. Ida Norton, the only time in its history when the club was invaded by a woman. Its outside reputation was clamored for, and as the Judge found

a good excuse in his position and its requirements, he loaned the paper and I had the pleasure of substituting for him.

When I was a candidate for the legislature he issued a card that was a departure from political methods. It was during the time when all the names were submitted on the ballot and voters crossed off those they did not want to win. He sent his friends a neat card, as follows:

231

CHARLES A. MURDOCK

(*Of C. A. Murdock & Co., 532 Clay Street*)

IS ONE OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

FOR THE ASSEMBLY FROM THE TENTH

SENATORIAL DISTRICT

If you prefer any candidate on any other ticket,

scratch Murdock.

If you require any pledge other than that he will vote

according to his honest convictions, scratch Murdock.

His friend, Ambrose Bierce, spoke of him as the most scholarly man on the Pacific Coast. He was surely among the most modest and affectionate. He had remarkable poetic gifts. In 1892 the Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic held a memorial service, and he contributed a poem beginning: "Life's fevered day declines; its purple twilight falling Draws length'ning shadows from the broken flanks; And from the column's head a viewless chief is calling; 'Guide right; close up your ranks!'"

He was ill when it was read. A week from the day of the meeting the happy, well-loved man breathed his last.

JOHN MUIR

JOHN MUIR, naturalist, enthusiast, writer, glorifier of the Sierras, is held in affectionate memory the world over, but especially in California, where he was known as a delightful personality. Real pleasure and a good understanding of his nature and quality await those who read of the meeting of Emerson and Muir 232 in the Yosemite in 1871. It is recorded in their diaries. He was a very rare and versatile man. It was my good fortune to sit by him at a dinner on his return from Alaska, where he had studied its glaciers, and had incidentally been honored by having its most characteristic one named after him. He was tremendously impressed by the wonder and majesty of what he had seen, but it in no wise dimmed his enthusiasm for the beauty and glory of the Sierra Nevada. In speaking of the exquisite loveliness of a mountain meadow he exclaimed: "I could conceive it no punishment to be staked out for a thousand years on one of those meadows." His tales of experiences in the High Sierra, where he spent days alone and unarmed, with nothing but tea and a few breadcrusts to sustain him, were most thrilling.

I was afterward charmed by his sketch of an adventure with a dog called "Stickeen," on one of the great Alaskan glaciers, and, meeting him, urged that he make a little book of it. He was pleased and told me he had just done it. Late in life he was shocked at what he considered the desecration of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley by the city of San Francisco, which sought to dam it and form a great lake that should forever furnish a supply of water and power. He came to my office to supervise the publication of the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, and we had a spirited but friendly discussion of the 233 matter, I being much interested as a supervisor of the city. As a climax he exclaimed, "Why, if San Francisco ever gets the Hetch-Hetchy I shall *swear*, even if I am in heaven."

GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON

AMONG the many beneficent acts of Horatio Stebbins in his distinguished ministry in San Francisco was his influence in the establishment of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of California. It was the gift of D. O. Mills, who provided the endowment on the advice of Dr. Stebbins. The first occupant appointed was Professor Howison, who from 1884 to 1912 happily held a fruitful term. He was admirably fitted for his duties, and with the added influence of the Philosophical Union contributed much to the value of the university. A genial and kindly man, with a keen sense of humor, he was universally and deeply respected by the students and by his associates. He made philosophy almost popular, and could differ utterly from others without any of the common results of antagonism, for he generated so much more light than heat. His mind was so stored that when he began to speak there seemed to be no reason aside from discretion why he should ever stop.

I enjoyed to the full one little business incident with him. In my publications I followed a somewhat severe style of typography, especially priding myself on the possession of a 234 complete series of genuine old-style faces cast in Philadelphia from moulds cut a hundred and seventy years ago. In these latter days a few bold men have tried to improve on this classic. One Ronaldson especially departed from the simplicity and dignity of the cut approved by Caxton, Aldus, and Elzevir, and substituted for the beautiful terminal of, say the capital T, two ridiculous curled points. I resented it passionately, and frequently remarked that a printer who would use Ronaldson old-style would not hesitate to eat his pie with a knife. One day Professor Howison (I think his dog "Socrates" was with him) came into my office and inquired if I had a cut of old-style type that had curved terminals on the capital Ts. I had no idea why he asked the question; I might have supposed that he wanted the face, but I replied somewhat warmly that I had not, that I had never allowed it in the shop, to which he replied with a chuckle, "Good! I was afraid I might get them."

Professor Howison furnished one of the best stories of the great earthquake of 1906. In common with most people, he was in bed at fourteen minutes past five on the 18th of April. While victims generally arose and dressed more or less, the Professor calmly remained between the sheets,

concluding that if he was to die the bed would be the most fitting and convenient place to be in. It took more than 235 a full-grown earthquake to disturb his philosophy.

JOSIAH ROYCE

IT is doubtful if any son of California has won greater recognition than Josiah Royce, born in Grass Valley in November, 1855. In 1875 he graduated at the University of California. After gaining his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, he returned to his *alma mater* and for four years was instructor in English literature and logic.

He joined the Chit-Chat Club in 1879 and continued a member until his removal to Harvard in 1882. He was a brilliant and devoted member, with a whimsical wit and entire indifference to fit of clothes and general personal appearance. He was eminently good-natured and a very clever debater. With all the honors heaped upon him, he never forgot his youthful associates. At a reunion held in 1916 he sent this friendly message to the club: "Have warmest memories of olden time. Send heartiest greetings to all my fellow members. I used to be a long-winded speaker in Chit-Chat, but my love far outlasts my speeches. You inspired my youth. You make my older years glow."

In my youthful complacency I had the audacity to print an essay on "The Policy of Protection," taking issue with most of my brother members, college men and free-traders. Later, while on a visit to California, he told 236 me, with a twinkle in his eye, "I am using your book at Harvard as an example of logic."

He died honored everywhere as America's greatest philosopher, one of the world's foremost thinkers, and withal a very lovable man.

CHARLES GORDON AMES

IN the early days Rev. Charles Gordon Ames preached for a time in Santa Cruz. Later he removed to San Jose, and occasionally addressed San Francisco audiences. He was original and witty and was in demand for special occasions. In an address at a commencement day at Berkeley, I

heard him express his wonder at being called upon, since he had matriculated at a wood-pile and graduated in a printing-office. Several years after he had returned East I was walking with him in Boston. We met one of his friends, who said, "How are you, Ames?" "Why, I'm still at large, and have lucid intervals," replied the witty preacher. He once told me of an early experience in candidating. He was asked to preach in Worcester, where there was a vacancy. Next day he met a friend who told him the results, saying: "You seem to have been fortunate in satisfying both the radicals and the conservatives. But your language was something of a surprise; it does not follow the usual Harvard type, and does not seem ministerial. You used unaccustomed illustrations. You spoke of something being as slow ²³⁷ as molasses. Now, so far as I know, molasses is not a scriptural word. Honey is mentioned in the Bible, but not molasses."

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE passing of Joaquin Miller removed from California her most picturesque figure. In his three-score and twelve years he found wide experience, and while his garb and habits were somewhat theatrical he was a strong character and a poet of power. In some respects he was more like Walt Whitman than any other American poet, and in vigor and grasp was perhaps his equal. Of California authors he is the last of the acknowledged leading three, Harte and Clemens completing the group. For many years he lived with his wife and daughter at "The Heights," in the foothills back of Oakland, writing infrequently, but with power and insight. His "Columbus" will probably be conceded to be his finest poem, and one of the most perfect in the language. He held his faculties till the last, writing a few days before his death a tender message of faith in the eternal.

With strong unconventionality and a somewhat abrupt manner, he was genial and kindly in his feelings, with warm affections and great companionability.

An amusing incident of many years ago comes back to freshen his memory. An entertainment of a social character was given at the 238 Oakland Unitarian church, and when my turn came for a brief paper on wit and humor I found that Joaquin Miller sat near me on the platform. As an illustration of parody, bordering on burlesque, I introduced a Miller imitation—the story of a frontiersman on

an Arizona desert accompanied by a native woman of “bare, brown beauty,” and overtaken by heat so intense that but one could live, whereupon, to preserve the superior race, he seized a huge rock and “Crushed with fearful blow Her well-poised head.”

It was highly audacious, and but for a youthful pride of authorship and some curiosity as to how he would take it I should have omitted it.

Friends in the audience told me that the way in which I watched him from the corner of my eye was the most humorous thing in the paper. At the beginning his head was bowed, and for some time he showed no emotion of any sort, but as I went on and it grew worse and worse, he gave way to a burst of merriment and I saw that I was saved.

I was gratified then, and his kindness brings a little glow of good-will—that softens my farewell.

MARK TWAIN

OF Mark Twain my memory is confined to two brief views, both before he had achieved his fame. One was hearing him tell a story with 239 his inimitable drawl, as he stood smoking in front of a Montgomery Street cigar-store, and the other when on his return from a voyage to the Hawaiian Islands he delivered his famous lecture at the Academy of Music. It was a marvelous address, in which with apparently no effort he led his audience to heights of appreciative enthusiasm in the most felicitous description of the beautiful and wonderful things he had seen, and then dropped them from the sublime to the ridiculous by some absurd reference or surprisingly humorous reflection.

The sharp contrast between his incomparably beautiful word paintings and his ludicrous humor was characteristic of two sides of the waggish newspaper reporter who developed into a good deal of a philosopher and the first humorist of his time.

SHELDON GAYLORD KELLOGG

AMONG my nearest friends I am proud to count Sheldon G. Kellogg, associated through both the Unitarian church, the Sunday-school, and the Chit-Chat Club. He was a lawyer with a large and serviceable conscience as well as a well-trained mind. He grew to manhood in the Middle West, graduated in a small Methodist college, and studied deeply in Germany. He came to San Francisco, establishing himself in practice without acquaintance, and by sheer ability and character compelled success. 240 His integrity and thoroughness were beyond any question. He went to the root of any matter that arose. He was remarkably well read and a passionate lover of books. He was exact and accurate in his large store of information. Dr. Stebbins, in his delightful extravagance, once said to Mrs. Kellogg, "Your husband is the only man I'm afraid of—he knows so much." At the Chit-Chat no one dared to hazard a doubtful statement of fact. If it was not so, Kellogg would know it. He was the most modest of men and would almost hesitate to quote the last census report to set us right, but such was our respect for him that his statements were never questioned; he inspired complete confidence. I remember an occasion when the Supreme Court of the state, or a department of it, had rendered an opinion setting aside a certain sum as the share of certain trustees. Kellogg was our attorney. He studied the facts and the decision until he was perfectly sure the court had erred and that he could convince them of it. We applied for a hearing in bank and he was completely sustained.

Kellogg was an eminently fair man. He took part in a political convention on one occasion and was elected chairman. There was a bitter fight between contending factions, but Kellogg was so just in his rulings that both sides were satisfied and counted him friendly.

He was a lovable personality and the 241 embodiment of honor. He was studious and scholarly and always justified our expectation of an able, valuable paper on whatever topic he treated. I do not recall that in all my experience I have ever known any other man so unreservedly and universally respected.

JOSEPH WORCESTER

It is a salutary experience to see the power of goodness, to know a man whose loveliness of life and character exerts an influence beyond the reach of great intellectual gift or conscious effort. Joseph Worcester was a modest, shrinking Swedenborgian minister. His congregation was a handful of refined mystics who took no prominent part in public affairs and were quiet and unobtrusive citizens. He was not attractive as a preacher, his voice trembled with emotion and bashfulness, and he read with difficulty. He was painfully shy, and he was oppressed and suffered in a crowd. He was unmarried and lived by himself in great simplicity. He seemed to sustain generally good health on tea, toast, and marmalade, which at noonday he often shared with his friend William Keith, the artist.

He was essentially the gentle man. In public speaking his voice never rang out with indignation. He preserved the conversational tone and seemed devoid of passion and severity. He was patient, kind, and loving. He had humor, and a pleasant smile generally lighted up his benignant countenance. He was often playfully indignant. I remember that at one time an æsthetic character named Russell addressed gatherings of society people advising them what they should throw out of their overfurnished rooms. In conversation with Mr. Worcester I asked him how he felt about it. He replied, "I know what I should throw out—Mr. Russell." It was so incongruous to think of the violence implied in Mr. Worcester's throwing out anything that it provoked a hearty laugh. Yet there was no weakness in his kindliness. He was simply "slow to wrath," not acquiescent with wrong. His strength was not that of the storm, but of the genial shower and the smiling sun. His heart was full of love and everybody loved him. His hold was through the affections and his blissful unselfishness. He seemed never to think of himself at all.

He thought very effectually of others. He was helpfulness incarnate, and since he was influential, surprising results followed. He was fond of children and gave much time to the inmates of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, conducting services and reading to them. They grew very fond of him, and his influence on them was naturally great. He was much interested in the education of the boys and in their finding normal life. He took up especially the providing for them of a home where they could live happily and profitably while pursuing a ²⁴³ course of study in the California

School of Mechanical Arts. An incident of his efforts in their behalf illustrates what an influence he had gained in the community. A young man of wealth, not a member of his congregation and not considered a philanthropist, but conversant with what Mr. Worcester was doing and hoped to do, called upon him one day and said: "Mr. Worcester, here is a key that I wish to leave with you. I have taken a safe-deposit box; it has two keys. One I will keep to open the box and put in bonds from time to time, and the other I give you that you may open it and use coupons or bonds in carrying out your plans for helping the boys." This illustrates how he was loved and what good he provoked in others. Without knowing it or seeking it he was a great community influence. He was gifted of the Spirit. He had beauty of character, simplicity, unselfishness, love of God and his fellow-men. His special beliefs interested few, his life gave life, his goodness was radiant. He drew all men to him by his love, and he showed them the way.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

I CANNOT forego the pleasure of referring with sincere affection to my brother octogenarian, Frederick L. Hosmer. He achieved the fullness of honor two months in advance of me, which is wholly fitting, since we are much farther separated in every other regard. He has been 244 a leader for a great many years, and I am proud to be in sight of him.

His kindly friendship has long been one of the delights of my life, and I have long entertained the greatest respect and admiration for his ability and quality. As a writer of hymns he has won the first place in the world's esteem, and probably his noble verse is (after the Psalms) the most universally used expression of the religious feeling of mankind. More worshipers unite in singing his hymns, Unitarian though he be, than those of any other man, living or dead. It is a great distinction, and in meriting it he holds enviable rank as one of the world's greatest benefactors.

Yet he remains the most modest of men, with no apparent consciousness that he is great. His humility is an added charm and his geniality is beautiful.

He has made the most of a fancied resemblance to me, and in many delightful ways has indulged in pleasantries based on it. In my room hangs a framed photograph signed “Faithfully yours, Chas. A. Murdock.” It is far better-looking than I ever was—but that makes no difference.

We were once at a conference at Seattle. He said with all seriousness, “Murdock, I want you to understand that I intend to exercise great circumspection in my conduct, and I rely upon you to do the same.”

I greatly enjoyed Dr. Hosmer's party, with 245 its eighty candles, and I was made happy that he could be at mine and nibble my cake. Not all good and great men are so thoroughly lovable.

THOMAS LAMB ELIOT

WHEN Horatio Stebbins in 1864 assumed charge of the San Francisco church he was the sole representative of the denomination on the Pacific Coast. For years he stood alone, —a beacon-like tower of liberalism. The first glimmer of companionship came from Portland, Oregon. At the solicitation of a few earnest Unitarians Dr. Stebbins went to Portland to consult with and encourage them. A society was formed to prepare the way for a church. A few consecrated women worked devotedly; they bought a lot in the edge of the woods and finally built a small chapel. Then they moved for a minister.

In St. Louis, Mo., Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot had been for many years a force in religion and education. A strong Unitarian church and Washington University resulted. He had also founded a family and had inspired sons to follow in his footsteps. Thomas Lamb Eliot had been ordained and was ready for the ministry. He was asked to take the Portland church and he accepted. He came first to San Francisco on his way. Dr. Stebbins was trying the experiment of holding services in the Metropolitan Theater, and I remember seeing in the stage box one Sunday a very prepossessing couple 246 that interested me much—they were the Eliots on their way to Portland. William G., Jr., was an infant-in-arms. I was much impressed with the spirit that moved the attractive couple to

venture into an unknown field. The acquaintance formed grew into a friendship that has deepened with the years.

The ministry of the son in Portland has been much like that of the father in St. Louis. The church has been reverent and constructive, a steady force for righteousness, an influence for good in personal life and community welfare. Dr. Eliot has fostered many interests, but the church has been foremost. He has always been greatly respected and influential. Dr. Stebbins entertained for him the highest regard. He was wont to say: "Thomas Eliot is the wisest man for his years I ever knew." He has always been that and more to me. He has served one parish all his life, winning and holding the reverent regard of the whole community. The active service of the church has passed to his son and for years he has given most of his time and strength to Reed College, established by his parishioners. In a few months he will complete his eighty years of beautiful life and noble service. He has kept the faith and passed on the fine spirit of his inheritance.

CHAPTER XI

OUTINGS

I HAVE not been much of a traveler abroad, or even beyond the Pacific states. I have been to the Atlantic shore four times since my emigration thence, and going or coming I visited Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, and other points, but have no striking memories of any of them. In 1914 I had a very delightful visit to the Hawaiian Islands, including the volcano. It was full of interest and charm, with a beauty and an atmosphere all its own; but any description, or the story of experiences or impressions, would but re-echo what has been told adequately by others. British Columbia and western Washington I found full of interest and greatly enjoyed; but they also must be left unsung. My outings from my beaten track have been brief, but have contributed a large stock of happy memories. Camping in California is a joy that never palls, and among the pleasantest pictures on memory's walls are the companionship of congenial friends in the beautiful surroundings afforded by the Santa Cruz Mountains. Twice in all the years since leaving Humboldt have I revisited its 248 hospitable shores and its most impressive redwoods. My love for it will never grow less. Twice,

too, have I reveled in the Yosemite Valley and beyond to the valley that will form a majestic lake—glorious Hetch-Hetchy.

I am thankful for the opportunity I have enjoyed of seeing so fully the great Pacific empire. My church supervision included California, Oregon, and Washington, with the southern fringe of Canada for good measure. Even without this attractive neighbor my territory was larger than France (or Germany) and Belgium, England, Wales, and Ireland combined. San Diego, Bellingham, and Spokane were the triangle of bright stars that bounded the constellation. To have found friends and to be sure of a welcome at all of these and everywhere between was a great extension to my enjoyment, and visiting them was not only a pleasant duty but a delightful outing.

IN THE SIERRAS

BELATED vacations perhaps gain more than they lose, and in the sum total at least hold their own. It is one advantage of being well distributed that opportunities increase. In that an individual is an unsalaried editor, extensive or expensive trips are unthinkable; that his calling affords necessities but a scant allowance of luxuries, leaves recreation in the Sierras out of the question; but that by the accidents of politics he happens to be a 249 supervisor, certain privileges, disguised attractively as duties, prove too alluring to resist.

The city had an option on certain remote lands supposed to be of great value for water and power, and no one wants to buy a pig of that size in a poke, so it was ordained that the city fathers, with their engineer and various clerks and functionaries entitled to a vacation and desiring information (or *vice versa*), should visit the lands proposed to be acquired.

In 1908 the supervisors inspected the damsites at Lake Eleanor and the Hetch-Hetchy, but gained little idea of the intervening country and the route of the water on its way to the city. Subsequently the trip was more thoroughly planned and the result was satisfactory, both in the end attained and in the incidental process.

On the morning of August 17, 1910, the party of seventeen disembarked from the Stockton boat, followed by four fine municipal automobiles. When the men and the machines were satisfactorily supplied with fuel and the outfit was appropriately photographed, the procession started mountainward. For some time the good roads, fairly well watered, passed over level, fruitful country, with comfortable homes. Then came gently rolling land and soon the foothills, with gravelly soil and scattered pines. A few orchards and ranches were passed, but not much that was really attractive. Then we reached the scenes of early-day 250 mining and half-deserted towns known to Bret Harte and the days of gold. Knight's Ferry became a memory instead of a name. Chinese Camp, once harboring thousands, is now a handful of houses and a few lonely stores and saloons. It had cast sixty-five votes a few days before our visit.

Then came a stratum of mills and mines, mostly deserted, a few operating sufficiently to discolor with the crushed mineral the streams flowing by. Soon we reached the Tuolumne, with clear, pellucid water in limited quantities, for the snow was not very plentiful the previous winter and it melted early.

Following its banks for a time, the road turned to climb a hill, and well along in the afternoon we reached "Priests," a favorite roadhouse of the early stage line to the Yosemite. Here a good dinner was enjoyed, the machines were overhauled, and on we went. Then Big Oak Flat, a mining town of some importance, was passed, and a few miles farther Groveland, where a quite active community turned out en masse to welcome the distinguished travelers. The day's work was done and the citizens showed a pathetic interest which testified to how little ordinarily happened. The shades of night were well down when Hamilton's was reached—a stopping-place once well known, but now off the line of travel. Here we were hospitably entertained and slept soundly after a full day's 251 exercise. In the memory of all, perhaps the abundance of fried chicken for breakfast stands out as the distinguishing feature. A few will always remember it as the spot where for the first time they found themselves aboard a horse, and no kind chronicler would refer to which side of the animal they selected for the ascent. The municipally chartered pack-train, with cooks and supplies for

man and beast, numbered over sixty animals, and chaparejos and cowboys, real and near, were numerous.

The ride to the rim of the South Fork of the Tuolumne was short. The new trail was not sufficiently settled to be safe for the sharp descents, and for three-quarters of a mile the horses and mules were turned loose and the company dropped down the mountainside on foot. The lovely stream of water running between mountainous, wooded banks was followed up for many miles.

About midday a charming spot for luncheon was found, where Corral Creek tumbles in a fine cascade on its way to the river. The day was warm, and when the mouth of Eleanor Creek was reached many enjoyed a good swim in an attractive deep basin.

Turning to the north, the bank of Eleanor was followed to the first camping-place, Plum Flat, an attractive clearing, where wild plums have been augmented by fruit and vegetables. Here, after a good dinner served in the open by the municipal cooks, the municipal 252 sleeping-bags were distributed, and soft and level spots were sought for their spreading. The seasoned campers were happy and enjoyed the luxury. Some who for the first time reposed upon the breast of Mother Earth failed to find her charm. One father awoke in the morning, sat up promptly, pointed his hand dramatically to the zenith, and said, "Never again!" But he lived to revel in the open-air caravansary, and came home a tougher and a wiser man.

A ride of fifteen miles through a finely wooded country brought us to the Lake Eleanor dam-site and the municipal camp, where general preparations are being made and run-off records are being taken. In a comfortable log house two assistants to the engineer spent the winter, keeping records of rainfall and other meteorological data.

While we were in camp here, Lake Eleanor, a mile distant, was visited and enjoyed in various ways, and those who felt an interest in the main purpose of the trip rode over into the Cherry Creek watershed and inspected the sites and rights whose purchase is contemplated. Saturday morning we left Lake Eleanor and climbed the steep ridge separating its watershed from that of the Tuolumne. From Eleanor to Hetch-Hetchy as the crow would fly, if there were a crow and he wanted to fly, is

five miles. As mules crawl and men climb, it takes five hours. But it is well worth it for association with granite helps any politician.

253

Hetch-Hetchy Valley is about half as large as Yosemite and almost as beautiful. Early in the season the mosquitoes make life miserable, but as late as August the swampy land is pretty well dried up and they are few. The Tuolumne tumbles in less effectively than the Merced enters Yosemite. Instead of two falls of nine hundred feet, there is one of twenty or so. The Wampana, corresponding to the Yosemite Falls, is not so high nor so picturesque, but is more industrious, and apparently takes no vacation. Kolana is a noble knob, but not quite so imposing as Sentinel Rock.

We camped in the valley two days and found it very delightful. The dam-site is not surpassed. Nowhere in the world, it is said, can so large a body of water be impounded so securely at so small an expense.

There is an admirable camping-ground within easy distance of the valley, and engineers say that at small expense a good trail, and even a wagon-road, can be built along the face of the north wall, making possible a fine view of the magnificent lake.

With the argument for granting the right the city seeks I am not here concerned. The only purpose in view is the casual recital of a good time. It has to do with a delightful sojourn in good company, with songs around the campfire, trips up and down the valley, the taking of photographs, the appreciation of brook-trout, the towering mountains, the moon and 254 stars that looked down on eyes facing direct from welcome beds. Mention might be made of the discovery of characters—types of mountain guides who prove to be scholars and philosophers; of mules, like “Flapjack,” of literary fame; of close intercourse with men at their best; of excellent appetites satisfactorily met; of genial sun and of water so alluring as to compel intemperance in its use.

The climbing of the south wall in the early morning, the noonday stop at Hog Ranch, and the touching farewell to mounts and pack-train, the exhilarating ride to Crocker's, and the varied attractions of that fascinating resort, must be unsung. A night of mingled pleasure and rest with

every want luxuriously supplied, a half-day of good coaching, and once more Yosemite—the wonder of the West.

Its charms need no rehearsing. They not only never fade, but they grow with familiarity. The delight of standing on the summit of Sentinel Dome, conscious that your own good muscles have lifted you over four thousand feet from the valley's floor, with such a world spread before you; the indescribable beauty of a sunrise at Glacier Point, the beauty and majesty of Vernal and Nevada falls, the knightly crest of the Half Dome, and the imposing grandeur of the great Capitan—what words can even hint their varied glory!

All this packed into a week, and one comes back strengthened in body and spirit, with a 255 renewed conviction of the beauty of the world, and a freshened readiness to lend a hand in holding human nature up to a standard that shall not shame the older sister.

A DAY IN CONCORD

THERE are many lovely spots in New England when June is doing her best. Rolling hills dotted with graceful elms, meadows fresh with the greenest of grass, streams of water winding through the peaceful stretches, robins hopping in friendly confidence, distant hills blue against the horizon, soft clouds floating in the sky, air laden with the odor of lilacs and vibrant with songs of birds. There are many other spots of great historic interest, beautiful or not—it doesn't matter much—where memorable meetings have been held which set in motion events that changed the course of history, or where battles have been fought that no American can forget. There are still other places rich with human interest where some man of renown has lived and died—some man who has made his undying mark in letters, or has been a source of inspiration through his calm philosophy. But if one would stand upon the particular spot which can claim supremacy in each of these three respects, where can he go but to Concord, Massachusetts?

It would be hard to find a lovelier view anywhere in the gentle East than is to be gained from the Reservoir Height—a beautifully 256 broken landscape, hill and dale, woodland, distant trees, two converging streams embracing and flowing in a quiet, decorous union beneath the historic

bridge, comfortable homes, many of them too simple and dignified to be suspected of being modern, a cluster of steeples rising above the elms in the center of the town, pastures and plowed fields, well-fed Jerseys resting under the oaks, an occasional canoe floating on the gentle stream, genuine old New England homes, painted white, with green blinds, generous wood-piles near at hand, comfortable barns, and blossoming orchards, now and then a luxurious house, showing the architect's effort to preserve the harmonious—all of these and more, to form a scene of pastoral beauty and with nothing to mar the picture—no uncompromising factories, no blocks of flats, no elevated roads, no glaring signs of Cuban cheroots or Peruna bitters. It is simply an ideal exhibit of all that is most beautiful and attractive in New England scenery and life, and its charm is very great.

Turning to its historic interest, one is reminded of it at every side. Upon a faithful reproduction of the original meeting-house, a tablet informs the visitor that here the first meeting was held that led to national independence. A placard on a quaint old hostelry informs us that it was a tavern in pre-Revolutionary times. Leaving the “common,” around which most New England towns cluster, one soon reaches Monument Street. Following it until houses grow infrequent, one comes to an interesting specimen which seems familiar. A conspicuous sign proclaims it private property and that sightseers are not welcome. It is the “Old Manse” made immortal by the genius of Hawthorne. Near by, an interesting road intersects leading to a river. Soon we descry a granite monument at the famous bridge, and across the bridge “The Minute Man.” The inscription on the monument informs us that here the first British soldier fell. An iron chain incloses a little plot by the side of a stone wall where rest those who met the first armed resistance. Crossing the bridge which spans a dark and sluggish stream one reaches French's fine statue with Emerson's noble inscription, — “By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard round the world.”

No historic spot has a finer setting or an atmosphere so well fitted to calm reflection on a momentous event.

On the way to Concord, if one is so fortunate as to go by trolley, one passes through Lexington and catches a glimpse of its bronze “Minute Man,” more spirited and lifelike in its tense suspended

motion than French's calm and determined farmer-soldier. In the side of a farmhouse near the Concord battle-field—if 258 such an encounter can be called a battle—a shot from a British bullet pierced the wood, and that historic orifice is carefully preserved; a diamond-shaped pane surrounds it. Our friend, Rev. A. W. Jackson, remarked, “I suppose if that house should burn down, the first thing they would try to save would be that bullet-hole.”

But Concord is richest in the memory of the men who have lived and died there, and whose character and influence have made it a center of world-wide inspiration. One has but to visit Sleepy Hollow Cemetery to be impressed with the number and weight of remarkable names associated with this quiet town, little more than a village. Sleepy Hollow is one of a number of rather unusual depressions separated by sharp ridges that border the town. The hills are wooded, and in some instances their steep sides make them seem like the half of a California canyon. The cemetery is not in the cuplike valley, but on the side and summit of a gentle hill. It is well kept and very impressive. One of the first names to attract attention is “Hawthorne,” cut on a simple slab with rounded top. It is the sole inscription on the little stone about a foot high. Simplicity could go no farther. Within a small radius are found the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, John Weiss, and Samuel Hoar. Emerson's monument is a beautiful boulder, on the smoothed side of which is placed a bronze 259 tablet. The inscriptions on the stones placed to the memory of the different members of the family are most fitting and touching. This is also true of the singularly fine inscriptions in the lot where rest several generations of the Hoar family. A good article might be written on monumental inscriptions in the Concord burial-ground. It is a lovely spot where these illustrious sons of Concord have found their final resting-place, and a pilgrimage to it cannot but freshen one's sense of indebtedness to these gifted men of pure lives and elevated thoughts.

The most enjoyable incident of the delightful Decoration Day on which our trip was made was a visit to Emerson's home. His daughter was in New York, but we were given the privilege of freely taking possession of the library and parlor. Everything is as the sage left it. His books are undisturbed, his portfolio of notes lies upon the table, and his favorite chair invites the friend who feels he can occupy it. The atmosphere is quietly simple. The few pictures are good, but not conspicuous or insistent. The books bear evidence of loving use. Bindings were evidently of no

interest. Nearly all the books are in the original cloth, now faded and worn. One expects to see the books of his contemporaries and friends, and the expectation is met. They are mostly in first editions, and many of them are almost shabby. Taking down the first volume of *The Dial*, I 260 found it well filled with narrow strips of paper, marking articles of especial interest. The authors' names not being given, they were frequently supplied by Mr. Emerson on the margin. I noticed opposite one article the words "T. Parker" in Mr. Emerson's writing. The books covered one side of a good-sized room and ran through the connecting hall into the quaint parlor, or sitting-room, behind it. A matting covered the floor, candlesticks rested on the chimney-piece, and there was no meaningless bric-a-brac, nor other objects of suspected beauty to distract attention. As you enter the house, the library occupies the large right-hand corner room. It was simple to the verge of austerity, and the farthest possible removed from a "collection." There was no effort at arrangement—they were just books, for use and for their own sake. The portfolio of fugitive notes and possible material for future use was interesting, suggesting the source of much that went to make up those fascinating essays where the "thoughts" often made no pretense at sequence, but rested in peaceful unregulated proximity, like eggs in a nest. Here is a sentence that evidently didn't quite satisfy him, an uncertain mark of erasure leaving the approved portion in doubt: "Read proudly. Put the duty of being read invariably on the author. If he is not read, whose fault is it? I am quite ready to be charmed—but I shall not make believe I am charmed." 261 Dear man! he never would "make believe." Transparent, sincere soul, how he puts to shame all affectation and pretense! Mr. Jackson says his townsmen found it hard to realize that he was great. They always thought of him as the kindly neighbor. One old farmer told of his experience in driving home a load of hay. He was approaching a gate and was just preparing to climb down to open it, when an old gentleman nimbly ran ahead and opened it for him. It was Emerson, who apparently never gave it a second thought. It was simply the natural thing for him to do.

Walden Pond is some little distance from the Emerson home, and the time at our disposal did not permit a visit. But we had seen enough and felt enough to leave a memory of rare enjoyment to the credit of that precious day in Concord.

FIVE DAYS

THERE are several degrees of rest, and there are many ways of resting. What is rest to one person might be an intolerable bore to another, but when one finds the ultimate he is never after in doubt. He knows what is, to him, *the real thing*. The effect of a sufficient season, say five days, to one who had managed to find very little for a disgracefully long time, is not easy to describe, but very agreeable to feel.

My friend^{*} has a novel retreat. He is fond of nature as manifested in the growth of trees 262 and plants, and some seventeen years ago he bought a few acres, mostly of woods, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. There was a small orchard, a few acres of hillside hayfield, and a little good land where garden things would grow.

Horace Davis.

There was, too, a somewhat eccentric house where a man who was trying to be theosophical had lived and communed with his mystified soul. To foster the process he had more or less blue glass and a window of Gothic form in the peak of his rambling house. In his living-room a round window, with Sanskrit characters, let in a doubtful gleam from another room. In the side-hill a supposedly fireproof vault had been built to hold the manuscript that held his precious thoughts. In the gulch he had a sacred spot, where, under the majestic redwoods, he retired to write, and in a small building he had a small printing-press, from which the world was to have been led to the light. But there was some failure of connection, and stern necessity compelled the surrender of these high hopes. My friend took over the plant, and the reformer reformed and went off to earn his daily bread.

His memory is kept alive by the name Mahatma, given to the gulch, and the blue glass has what effect it may on a neighbor's vegetables. The little house was made habitable. The home of the press was comfortably ceiled and made into a guest-chamber, and apples and 263 potatoes are stored in the fireproof vault. The acres were fairly covered with a second growth of redwood and a wealth of madroños and other native trees; but there were many spaces where Nature invited

assistance, and my friend every year has planted trees of many kinds from many climes, until he has an arboretum hardly equaled anywhere. There are pines in endless variety—from the Sierra and from the seashore, from New England, France, Norway, and Japan. There flourish the cedar, spruce, hemlock, oak, beech, birch, and maple. There in peace and plenty are the sequoia, the bamboo, and the deodar. Eucalypts pierce the sky and Japanese dwarfs hug the ground.

These children of the woodland vary in age from six months to sixteen years, and each has its interest and tells its story of struggle, with results of success or failure, as conditions determine. At the entrance to the grounds an incense-cedar on one side and an arbor-vitæ on the other stand dignified guard. The acres have been added to until about sixty are covered with growing trees. Around the house, which wistaria has almost covered, is a garden in which roses predominate, but hollyhocks, coreopsis, and other flowers not demanding constant care grow in luxuriance. There is abundance of water, and filtered sunshine gives a delightful temperature. The thermometer on the vine-clad porch runs up to 80 in the daytime and in the night drops down to 40.

264

A sympathetic Italian lives not far away, keeping a good cow, raising amazingly good vegetables, gathering the apples and other fruit, and caring for the place. The house is unoccupied except during the five days each month when my friend restores himself, mentally and physically, by rest and quiet contemplation and observation. He takes with him a faithful servitor, whose old age is made happy by these periodical sojourns, and the simple life is enjoyed to the full.

Into this Resthaven it was my happy privilege to spend five-sevenths of a week of August, and the rare privilege of being obliged to do nothing was a great delight. Early rising was permissible, but not encouraged. At eight o'clock a rich Hibernian voice was heard to say, "Hot water, Mr. Murdock," and it was so. A simple breakfast, meatless, but including the best of coffee and apricots, tree-ripened and fresh, was enjoyed at leisure undisturbed by thought of awaiting labor. Following the pleasant breakfast chat was a forenoon of converse with my friend or a friendly book or magazine, broken by a stroll through some part of the wood and introduction to the hospitably entertained trees from distant parts. My friend is something of a botanist, and was able to pronounce

the court names of all his visitors. Wild flowers still persist, and among others was pointed out one which was unknown to the world till he chanced to find it. Very

IN THE SIERRAS, 1910 OUTINGS IN HAWAII, 1914

265 interesting is the fact that the flora of the region, which is a thousand feet above sea-level, has many of the characteristics of beach vicinity, and the reason is disclosed by the outcropping at various points of a deposit of white sand, very fine, and showing under the microscope the smoothly rounded form that tells of the rolling waves. This deposit is said to be traceable for two hundred miles easterly, and where it has been eroded by the streams of today enormous trees have grown on the deposited soil. The mind is lost in conjecture of the time that must have elapsed since an ancient sea wore to infinitesimal bits the quartz that some rushing stream had brought from its native mountains.

Another interesting feature of the landscape was the clearly marked course of the old “Indian trail,” known to the earliest settlers, which followed through this region from the coast at Santa Cruz to the Santa Clara Valley. It followed the most accessible ridges and showed elemental surveying of a high order. Along its line are still found bits of rusted iron, with specks of silver, relics of the spurs and bridles of the caballeros of the early days.

The maples that sheltered the house are thinned out, that the sun may not be excluded, and until its glare becomes too radiant the steamer-chair or the rocker seeks the open that the genial page of “Susan's Escort, and Others,” one of the inimitable books of Edward 266 Everett Hale, may be enjoyed in comfort. When midday comes the denser shade of tree or porch is sought, and coats come off. At noon dinner is welcome, and proves that the high cost of living is largely a conventional requirement. It may be beans or a bit of roast ham brought from home, with potatoes or tomatoes, good bread and butter, and a dessert of toasted crackers with loganberries and cream. To experience the comfort of not eating too much and to find how little can be satisfying is a great lesson in the art of living. To supplement, and dispose of, this homily on food, our supper was always baked potatoes and cream toast, —but such potatoes and real cream toast! Of course, fruit was always “on tap,” and the good coffee reappeared.

In the cool of the afternoon a longer walk. Good trails lead over the whole place, and sometimes we would go afield and call on some neighbor. Almost invariably they were Italians, who were thriving where improvident Americans had given up in despair. Always my friend found friendly welcome. This one he had helped out of a trouble with a refractory pump, that one he had befriended in some other way. All were glad to see him, and wished him well. What a poor investment it is to quarrel with a neighbor!

Sometimes my friend would busy himself by leading water to some neglected and thirsty plant, while I was re-reading “Tom Grogan” 267 or Brander Matthews' plays, but for much of the time we talked and exchanged views on current topics or old friends. When the evening came we prudently went inside and continued our reading or our talk till we felt inclined to seek our comfortable beds and the oblivion that blots out troubles or pleasures.

And so on for five momentous days. Quite unlike the “Seven Days” in the delightful farce-comedy of that name, in which everything happened, here nothing seemed to happen. We were miles from a post-office, and newspapers disturbed us not. The world of human activity was as though it were not. Politics as we left it was a disturbing memory, but no fresh outbreaks aggravated our discomfort. We were at rest and we rested. A good recipe for long life, I think, would be: withdraw from life's turmoil regularly—five days in a month.

AN ANNIVERSARY

THE Humboldt County business established and conducted on honor by Alex. Brizard was continued on like lines by his three sons with conspicuous success. As the fiftieth anniversary approached they arranged to fitly celebrate the event. They invited many of their father's and business associates to take part in the anniversary observance in July, 1913. With regret, I was about to decline when my good friend Henry Michaels, a State Guard associate, who had become the head of the leading house in 268 drugs and medicines with which Brizard and his sons had extensively dealt, came in and urged me to join him in motoring to Humboldt. He wanted to go, but would not go alone and the double delight of his company and joining in the anniversary led to

prompt acceptance of his generous proposal. There followed one of the most enjoyable outings of my life. I had never compassed the overland trip to Humboldt, and while I naturally expected much the realization far exceeded my anticipations.

From the fine highway following the main ridge the various branches of the Eel River were clearly outlined, and when we penetrated the world-famous redwood belt and approached the coast our enjoyment seemed almost impious, as though we were motoring through a cathedral.

We found Arcata bedecked for the coming anniversary. The whole community felt its significance. When the hour came every store in town closed. Seemingly the whole population assembled in and around the Brizard store, anxious to express kindly memory and approval of those who so well sustained the traditions of the elders. The oldest son made a brief, manly address and introduced a few of the many who could have borne tribute. It was a happy occasion in which good-will was made very evident. A ball in the evening concluded the festivities, and it was with positive regret that we turned from the delightful atmosphere and retraced our steps to home and duty.

CHAPTER XII

OCCASIONAL VERSE

BOSTON (After Bret Harte)

On the south fork of Yuba, in May, fifty-two, An old cabin stood on the hill, Where the road to Grass Valley lay clear to the view, And a ditch that ran down to Buck's Mill. It was owned by a party that lately had come To discover what fate held in store; He was working for Brigham, and prospecting some, While the clothes were well cut that he wore. He had spruced up the cabin, and by it would stay, For he never could bear a hotel. He refused to drink whisky or poker to play, But was jolly and used the boys well. In the long winter evenings he started a club, To discuss the affairs of the day. He was up in the classics—a scholarly cub— And the best of the talkers could lay. He could sing like a robin, and play on the flute, And he opened a school, which was free, Where he taught all the musical fellows to toot, Or to join in an anthem or glee. So he soon “held

the age” over any young man Who had ever been known on the bar; And the boys put him through,
when for sheriff her ran, And his stock now was much above par..

270

In the spring he was lucky, and struck a rich lead, And he let all his friends have a share; It was
called the New Boston, for that was his breed, And the rock that he showed them was rare. When
he called on his partners to put up a mill, They were anxious to furnish the means; And the needful,
of course, turned into his till Just as freely as though it was beans. Then he went to the Bay with
his snug little pile— There was seventeen thousand and more— To arrange for a mill of the most
approved style, And to purchase a Sturtevant blower. But they waited for Boston a year and a day,
And he never was heard of again. For the lead he had opened was salted with pay, And he'd played
'em with culture and brain.

THE GREATER FREEDOM

O God of battles, who sustained Our fathers in the glorious days When they our priceless freedom
gained, Help us, as loyal sons, to raise Anew the standard they upbore, And bear it on to farther
heights, Where freedom seeks for self no more, But love a life of service lights.

271

OUR FATHER

Is God our Father? So sublime the thought We cannot hope its meaning full to grasp, E'en as the
Child the gifts the wise men brough Could not within his infant fingers clasp. We speak the words
from early childhood taught. We sometimes fancy that their truth we feel; But only on life's upper
heights is caught The vital message that they may reveal. So on the heights may we be led to dwell,
That nearer God we may more truly know How great the heritage His love will tell If we be lifted
up from things below.

RESURGAM

The stricken city lifts her head, With eyes yet dim from flowing tears; Her heart still throbs with pain unspent, But hope, triumphant, conquers fears. With vision calm, she sees her course, Nor shrinks, though thorny be the way. Shall human will succumb to fate, Crushed by the happenings of a day? The city that we love shall live, And grow in beauty and in power; Her loyal sons shall stand erect, Their chastened courage Heaven's dower. And when the story shall be told Of direful ruin, loss, and dearth, There shall be said with pride and joy: "But man survived, and proved his worth."

272

SAN FRANCISCO

O "city loved around the world," Triumphant over direful fate, Thy flag of honor never furled, Proud guardian of the Golden Gate; Hold thou that standard from the dust Of lower ends or doubtful gain; On thy good sword no taint of rust; On stars and stripes no blot or stain. Thy loyal sons by thee shall stand, Thy highest purpose to uphold; Proclaim the word, o'er all the land, That truth more precious is than gold. Let justice never be denied, Resist the wrong, defend the right; Where West meets East stand thou in pride Of noble life, —a beacon-light.

THE NEW YEAR

The past is gone beyond recall, The future kindly veils its face; Today we live, today is all We have or need, our day of grace. The world is God's and hence 'tis plain That only wrong we need to fear; 'tis ours to live, come joy or pain, To make more blessed each New Year.

PRODIGALS

We tarry in a foreign land, With pleasure's husks elate, When robe and ring and Father's hand At home our coming wait.

273

DEEP-ROOTED Fierce Boreas in his wildest glee Assails in vain the yielding tree That, rooted deep, gains strength to bear, And proudly lifts its head in air. When loss or grief, with sharp distress,

To man brings brunt of storm and stress, He stands serene who calmy bends In strength that trust,
deep-rooted, lends.

TO HORATIO STEBBINS

The sun still shines, and happy, blithesome birds Are singing on the swaying boughs in bloom. My
eyes look forth and see no sign of gloom, No loss casts shadow on the grazing herds; And yet I bear
within a grief that words Can ne'er express, for in the silent tomb Is laid the body of my friend, the
doom Of silence on that matchless voice. Now girds My spirit for the struggle he would praise.
A leader viewless to the mortal eye Still guides my steps, still calls with clarion cry To deeds of
honor, and my thoughts would raise To seek the truth and share the love on high. With loyal heart
I'll follow all my days.

274

NEW YEAR, 1919

The sifting sand that marks the passing year In many-colored tints its course has run Through days
with shadows dark, or bright with sun, But hope has triumphed over doubt and fear, New radiance
flows from stars that grace our flag. Our fate we ventured, though full dark the night, And faced the
fatuous host who trusted might. God called, the country's lovers could not lag, Serenely trustful,
danger grave despite, Untrained, in love with peace, they dared to fight, And freed a threatened
world from peril dire, Establishing the majesty of right. Our loyal hearts still burn with sacred fire,
Our spirits' wings are plumed for upward flight.

NEW YEAR, 1920

The curtain rises on the all-world stage, The play is unannounced; no prologue's word Gives hint
of scene, or voices to be heard; We may be called with tragedy to rage, In comedy or farce we may
disport, With feverish melodrama we may thrill, Or in a pantomimic rôle be still. We may find fame
in field, or grace a court, Whate'er the play, forthwith its lines will start, And every soul, in cloister

or in mart, Must act, and do his best from day to day— So says the prompter to the human heart.
“The play's the thing,” might Shakespear's Hamlet say. “The thing,” to us, is playing well our part.

275

EPILOGUE Walking in the Way

To hold to faith when all seems dark — to keep of good courage when failure follows failure —
to cherish hope when its promise is faintly whispered — to bear without complaint the heavy
burdens that must be borne — to be cheerful whatever comes—to preserve high ideals — to
trust unfalteringly that well-being follows well-doing — this is the Way of life — To be modest
in desires — to enjoy simple pleasures — to be earnest — to be true — to be kindly — to be
reasonably patient and everlastingly persistent — to be considerate—to be at least just — to be
helpful — to be loving — this is to walk therein. Charles A Murdock